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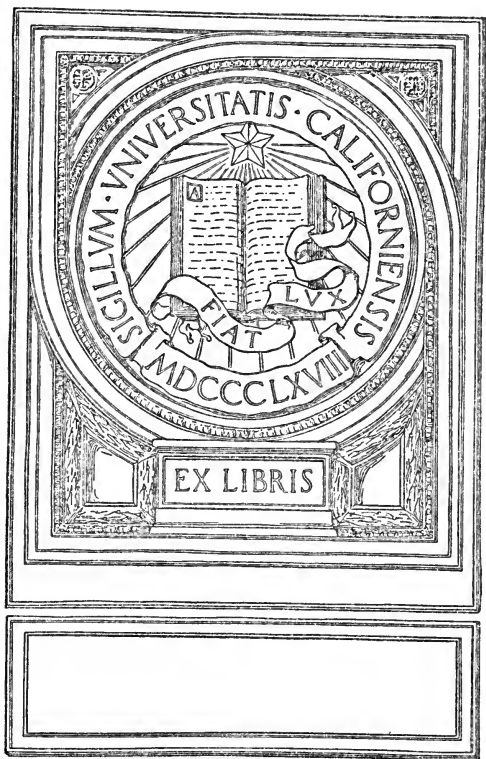
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J. Q. Loring.

Miss Christian W. Renton,
with the kind regards of
C. W. Loring.
Christmas 1847.



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THE SIBYL,
OR,
NEW ORACLES FROM THE POETS.

'Twas a volume of olden time;
And in it were fine mysteries of the stars,
Solved with a cunning wisdom, and strange thoughts,
Half prophecy, half poetry, and dreams
Clearer than truth, and speculations wild
That touched the secrets of your very soul.

N. P. WILLIS—*The Wife's Appeal.*



THE SIBYL,

OR,

NEW

ORACLES FROM THE POETS.



BY

Mrs. CAROLINE GILMAN,

AUTHOR OF RECOLLECTIONS OF A NEW ENGLAND HOUSEKEEPER, RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOUTHERN MATRON, LOVE'S PROGRESS, STORIES AND POEMS FOR CHILDREN, VERSES OF A LIFE-TIME, ETC.

Sometimes he gave out Oracles, amused
With mortal folly; resting on the shrines,
Or, all in some fair Sibyl's form infused,
Spoke from her trembling lips or traced her
mystic lines.

MRS. BROOKS—Zophiël.

Believe it or not, as you choose,
The doctrine is certainly true,
That the future is known to the Muse,
And Poets are Oracles too!

COWPER.

NEW YORK:
WILEY AND PUTNAM, 161 BROADWAY.

1848.

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PREFACE.

IN 1845, the Preface to the Oracles from the Poets, announced, that another volume would appear in the course of the year; but, on reflection, it seemed advisable to defer the publication, for such poetical accessions as would lend attraction to the work. The specimens from Browning and Miss Barrett alone, would justify the delay, though their over-wrought style, like the neck of certain classic vases, is too attenuated to allow the uninitiated reader to get into the body.

No answer contained in the first volume will appear in the Sibyl. Eight new Questions are added.

I must repeat my former warning, not to quote the Oracles as exact transcripts of authors, as it was necessary for me to modify tenses to frame the answers. Nor must the answers be considered as conveying the opinions of Poets in this isolated form.

The Question, Who is your favorite Poet? spread itself out into such a magnificent and extended field

of literary labor, that after selecting one answer for each leading author, enough remain to furnish a volume, which from its character must prove an intellectual gem.

This work will be entitled, *Thoughts of Poets on the Poets*, and will embrace every passage from that fascinating department of literature which can be gracefully woven into its pages. Here it will be seen how Milton rivals Shakspeare among his brethren, how Wordsworth nearly reaches the fame of both, while by some accident reminding us of the lost Pleiad, no notice can be found of Shelley. Several rich minds among the living poets, are kindly supplying for me such deficiencies, as yet unpublished, and will add additional interest to the work, by their *thoughts* on their chosen Bards.

I have endeavored to make the two volumes of the Oracles a complete work, where the young may become familiar with something in an attractive form from the whole range of Poetry, and where the more advanced may refresh themselves with a glimpse of their old favorites, while being introduced to the minds that are rising around them.

Some individuals seem alarmed at the rapid increase of rhymers in the United States, where nine in a recent number of the North American, are reviewed at one swoop; and they think that literature must become effeminate, when an almost undefined

Galaxy of Bards daily swell the advertising columns of Great Britain. The question is asked, how many of all these will give oracles to future years ; and why endeavor to cultivate a taste for such ephemeral literature ?

As an humble student of the Poets, with whom I have dwelt daily for three years, I say no matter for their fame. "As sings a bird sings"—a nation.* It cannot help it, and how beautiful is it to see a people make a sabbath-day pause for poetry, doff the artisan's apron, assume the bay, and walk forth with nature, even though it may not reach the stars.

Let the stream of poesy, then, rise where and when it will ; fall over rocks, tend the field-flower, or spring up in fountains ; the critic may rest easy that spots of verdure will dwell everywhere in its track, though he may not be at the stand-point to command the entire view.

* As sings a bird sings Lucy.

The New Timon.



CATALOGUE OF AUTHORS

QUOTED IN THE SIBYL.

ADDISON	BAILEY
KING ALFRED	BRYANT
ALFORD	BULFINCH
AMELIA— <i>Poems by</i>	BROOKS
BROWN	CHAUCER
BEATTIE	CHORLEY
C. BOWLES	CHAPMAN
BREMER	CATULLUS
BUTLER	COWPER
BARTON	CAMPBELL
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER	COLLINS
BAMFYLDE	CARLETON
BOWLES	CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH
BARRETT	COOK
BYRON	COLERIDGE
BERANGER	H. COLERIDGE
BURNS	CASA
BACH	COWLEY
BLOOMFIELD	CRASHAW
BARBAULD	CRABBE
BALLAD <i>Poetry of Ireland</i>	CORNWALL
BULWER	CUNNINGHAM
BROWNING	CHURCHILL
BAYLY	CLEAVELAND

CRESPIGNY	FRISBIE
CHRISTMAS BELLS	
COOKE	GRAY
CITIZEN OF THE WEST	GRAHAME
CHARLTON	GOLDSMITH
CRANCH	GRIFFIN
W. E. CHANNING	GOULD
	C. GILMAN
DRUMMOND	
DOWNING	HUNT
DANIEL	HEMANS
DRYDEN	HORNE
DECKER	DE HILA
DALE	HOGG
DANTE	HOWITT
D'HUXATIME	HOOD
R. H. DANA	HARTE
M. S. B. DANA	HOMER
DRAKE	HILL
DAWES	HOME
DENNIES	HILLHOUSE
L. DAVIDSON	HALLECK
	HOFFMAN
ELLIS	HUNTINGTON
ELLIOTT	HERVEY
EURIPIDES	
EDWARDS	JONSON
ELLET	JOHNSON
EMERSON	JAMES
FERGUSON	KEATS
FORD	KEMBLE
FALCONER	KNOWLES
FRANKLIN	
FOLLEN	LAMB

LOVEKIN	OPIE
LAMARTINE	OSGOOD
LANDOR	
LILY	PERCY'S RELIQUES
LYTTLETON	PATMORE
LANDON	PRAED
LONGFELLOW	PRIOR
LOWELL	POLLOK
LEWIS	POPE
LUNT	PORTER
LORD	POMFRET
	PERCIVAL
MILTON	PAYNE
DE MIRAVAL	
MARVEL	ROWE
MONTGOMERY	RAMSAY
MOULTRIE	ROGIERS
MITFORD	DE RONSARD
MILLER	ROGERS
MILNES	READ
MOTHERWELL	
MACNEIL	SCHILLER
MOORE	SMITH
MACKAY	SAUL, <i>a Mystery</i>
MARSTON	SPENSER
MANNERS	SOTHEBY
MASSINGER	SOUTHEY
MAROT	SILLERY
MORRIS	SHELLEY
McLELLAN	SHAKSPEARE
	SCOTT
NORTON	STERLING
QUEEN OF NAVARRE	SHENSTONE
NICOLL	SHEPPARD
NEW TIMON	SIDNEY

SHIRLEY
SPRAGUE
SMITH
SIGOURNEY
SIMMS

THOMSON
A. TENNYSON
C. TENNYSON
TIGHE
TRENCH
TAYLOR
TASSO
TALFOURD
TOBIN
TURNER
TUPPER

TIMROD

VIRGIL

WORDSWORTH

WILLIAMS

WHITE

WILSON

WIELAND

WATTS

EARL OF WESTMORELAND

WALLER

WILCOX

WILLIS

WHITTIER

YOUNG.

NOTE.—Selections from other authors may be found in the Oracles from the Poets, 1845



THE Game of the Sibyl is composed of the following eighteen subjects. The first division pertains more particularly to the person and affections, the second to the tastes.

FIRST PART.

What is your character?—Man,	Page 19
What is your character?—Lady,	" 31
Description of your lady-love,	" 45
Description of him who loves you,	" 65
Character of your lady-love,	" 77
Character of him who loves you,	" 91
The name of your lady-love,	" 105
Your lover's name,	" 125
The profession or occupation of your lover,	" 135
State of your affections,	" 155
Your home,	" 181
Your destiny,	" 203

SECOND PART.

Your favorite walk,	" 223
Your likes and desires,	" 243
What pains or displeases you?	" 257
Trees and blossoms,	" 267
Birds,	" 283
Poets,	" 301



DIRECTIONS

FOR THE GAME OF THE SIBYL.

THE person who holds the book asks, for instance, Shall I describe your character? The individual questioned selects any one number under that head, say No. 4, on which the questioner reads the answer under No. 4 aloud.

FOR A ROUND GAME.

It will be well to confine this game to Part First, which is more personal and of more individual interest than Part Second.

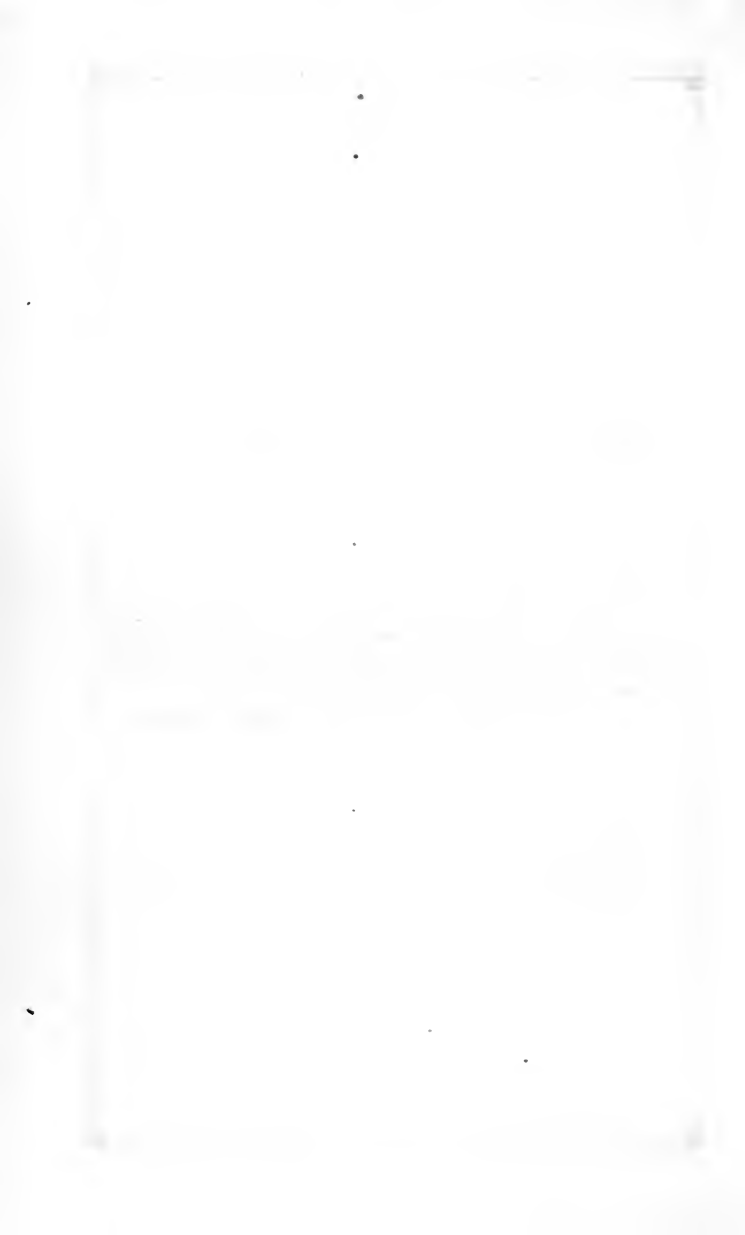
A reader having been selected, he calls on each individual to choose a number under the question proposed, and reads aloud each answer as the number is mentioned. If the party agree to the arrangement, the author of the Oracle can be demanded by the questioner, and a forfeit paid in case of ignorance, or a premium given for a correct answer.

If the person whose Oracle is read cannot tell the author, any one of the party may be allowed a trial in turn, and receive the premium.



PART FIRST.

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DESCRIPTION OF HIM WHO LOVES YOU,	65
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YOUR HOME,	181
YOUR DESTINY,	203



SHALL I DESCRIBE YOUR CHARACTER?

~~~~~  
GENTLEMAN  
~~~~~

Well, well! Why have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

[illegible]

SHALL I DESCRIBE YOUR CHARACTER?

GENTLEMAN.



How deeper than thou think'st, I've read thy heart!

A gilded insect—to the world thou seem'st,
The fashion's idol; person, pen, and lyre,
The soft devoted darling of the fair.
By slow degrees I've found Herculean nerve
Hid in the tuneful arm: while hunger, thirst,
The sultry chase, the bleakest mountain bed,
The dark, rough, winter torrent, are to thee
But pastime.

HILLHOUSE—*Percy's Masque.*

2. You have a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day to melting charity.
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, you're flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
Your temper, therefore, must be well observed.
Chide you for faults, and do it reverently
When we perceive your blood inclined to mirth;
But being moody, give you time and scope,

Till that your passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

Henry Fourth.

3. You disdain the secret breath,
The whispered tale that blights a virtuous name.

THOMSON.

4. Those who see thee in thy full-blown pride,
Know little of affections crushed within,
And wrongs which frenzy thee.

TALFOURD—*Ion*.

5. Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
You have not the method of making a fortune.

GRAY.

6. Welcome are you in hut and hall,
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants,
You win the sympathies of all
By making puns and making presents.

PRAED—*Quince*.

7. An intellect whose range
Is in the highest, loveliest sphere of thought,
A heart above all fickleness and change
With its deep love unbought.

Author of Christmas Bells.

8. You are not apt to fall in sudden love,
Or sudden loathing, without further reason
Than fancy's humorous promptings.

FANNY KEMBLE—*Star of Seville*.

9. This person has a knack, you know,
 Of saying things *mal a propos*,
 And making all the world reflect
 On what it hates to recollect :
 He talks to misers of their heir,
 To women of the times that were,
 To poets of the wrong review,
 And to the French of Waterloo.

PRAED—*Bridal of Belmont.*

10. The kindest man,
 The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
 In doing courtesies.

Merchant of Venice.

11. You are born to poet uses,—
 To love all things set above you, all of good and all
 of fair.

MISS BARRETT.

12. The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless
 and the poor,
 Will never meet your spurning frown, or leave your
 bolted door ;
 Your kindred circles all mankind,—your country all
 the globe,
 An honest name your jewelled star, and truth your
 ermined robe.

ELIZA COOK.

13. Truth alone,
 Truth tangible, and palpable, such truth

As may be weighed and measured, truth deduced
 By logical conclusion, close, severe,
 From premises incontrovertible ;
 This is the mistress of your fond desire,
 Your first, your only love.

MOULTRIE—*Dream of Life.*

14. Reputed wise
 For saying nothing.

Merchant of Venice.

15. A lover gay, and sooth to tell,
 You love not oft in vain ;
 For you both generous are and brave,
 Full rich in dress, and never grave,
 And sweetly tell your pain.

R. H. HORNE.

16. Born with as much nobility as would,
 Divided, serve to make ten noblemen.

SHURLEY.

17. A happy wit and independent spirit,
 And then, you're brave too !

JOHN TOBIN.

18. One of a cold and constant mind,
 Not quickened into ardent action soon,
 Nor prompt for petty enterprise, yet bold,
 Fierce when need is, and capable of all things.

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

19. Action your happiness, your judgment clear,
 Caution you brand as foolishness or fear.
 Rash and irascible, you rush like flame
 Heedless of obstacle, to every aim.
 Your path how just you stay not to inquire,
 The effectual and the shortest your desire.

SHARON TURNER—*Richard the Third.*

20. A gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came
 into my note.

Winter's Tale.

21. There can be no kernel in this light nut ; the soul
 of this man is his clothes.

All's Well that ends Well.

22. Is not he
 Of noble nature the chief handiwork,
 Whose manliness o'er-towering other men,
 Hath all the soul of woman tempering it ?

SAUL—*A Mystery.*

23. A well accomplished youth,
 Of all that virtue love for virtue loved ;
 Most power to do maids harm, least knowing ill.

Love's Labor Lost.

24. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for
 nothing.

Twelfth Night.

25. Good resolves a moment hot,
Fairly begun but finished not.

PERCIVAL.

26. Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, untouched
By worldly-mindedness, or anxious care,
Observant, thoughtful, studious, and refreshed
By knowledge gathered up from day to day.

WORDSWORTH.

27. You have undone three tailors !

As You Like It.

28. Glad to be hid and proud to be forgot.

DR. JOHNSON.

29. 'Tis much you dare,
And to that dauntless temper of your mind
You add a wisdom, that doth guide your valor
To act in safety.

Macbeth.

30. This gentleman will out-talk us all !

Taming of the Shrew.

31. You can distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side.

BUTLER—*Hudibras.*

32. You have rais'd a pile
To wisdom, and there worship, and there keep
Habitual court, and every morn and night

Light up pure incense at the holy shrine,
And take another stêp toward heaven and God.

BOWRING.

33. You do nothing but talk of your horse !

Merchant of Venice.

34. Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal.

Merchant of Venice.

35. With a noble nature and great gifts
Are you endowed ; courage, discretion, wit,
An equal temper.

TAYLOR.

36. Full of those dreams of good that vainly grand
Haunt the young heart.

MOORE.

37. As your years flow on, intelligence
Glow on your mind, and winning eloquence
Flows from your tongue, you stand erect and can
Glory in all the pride and power of man.

BOWRING.

38. You give yourself to painful study ;
And patient searching after hidden lore
Shall wring some bright truth from its prism ; the
morn

Shall break on your pent-room, and dwindling lamp,
And scattered papers, and unfinished scrawl.

BROWNING—*Paracelsus*.

39. Resolute

In love as in all other qualities—
Having no changeful mood, earnest in all,
Unvarying as the needle and as true.

SIMMS.

40. You are true, and you are bold,
Full of mirth as you can hold ;
Through the world you break your way,
With jest, and laugh, and lightsome lay.

TAYLOR—*Edwin the Fair*.

41. A spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have your sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even 'till your sail-yards tremble, your masts crack,
And your rapt ship run on her side so low,
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.

GEORGE CHAPMAN—*Byron's Conspiracy*.

42. One says "you're a victim of Cupid,"
Another "your conduct's too bad,"
A third, "you are awfully stupid,"
A fourth, "you are perfectly mad."

G. P. MORRIS.

43. *Angelina*. Can he speak, sir ?

Miramont. Faith, yes, but not to women.
His language is to heaven and heavenly wonders,
To nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Angelina. And does he speak well there ?

Miramont. Oh, admirably,

But he's too bashful to behold a woman.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*The Elder Brother.*

44. A man of sovereign parts you are esteemed ;
Well filled in the arts, glorious in arms ;
Nothing becomes you ill, that you would will.
The only soil of your fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will,
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should spare none that come within its power.

Love's Labor Lost.

45. Of as tried courage
As ever walked up to the roaring throat
Of a deep ranged artillery.

TOBIN.

46. God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath richly poured,
Inward and outward both, his image fair.

MILTON—*Paradise Lost.*

47. Deaf to mad ambition's call,
You shrink to hear the obstreperous voice of fame ;
Supremely blessed, if to your portion fall
Health, competence, and peace.

BEATTIE—*Minstrel.*

48. This is a fellow,
Who having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness.

King Lear.

49. There is a steadfast and a fixed nature,
'Gainst which the tide of passion and desire
Breaks harmless as the water o'er the rock ;
And the rich light of beauty shines alone
On thy soul's surface, leaving all beneath it
Unmoved, and cold as subterranean springs :
Love hath no power o'er spirits such as thine.

FANNY KEMBLE—*Star of Seville.*

50. You cannot stoop
To honors that bring shame and baseness with them.

HILL—*Zara.*

51. Thou hast a tender soul, apt for compassion,
And art thyself a lover and a friend.

ROWE—*Tamerlane.*

52. Over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils.

MILTON—*Comus.*

SHALL I DESCRIBE YOUR CHARACTER?

LADY.


Pause not, gentle lady, now,
Awful hands have marked thy brow.

STERLING—*Joan D'Arc.*



SHALL I DESCRIBE YOUR CHARACTER?

LADY.

1. OU love deep musings, and your ardent soul
Oft leaps from heaven to earth in reverie.

MRS. DOWNING—*Satan in Love.*

2. You love your fireside and hate gadding.

J. H. PAYNE.

3. A bud that is born for Summer's soft skies,
But left to stern Winter unfoldeth and dies.

BARRY CORNWALL.

4. The tear whose source you could not guess,
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,
Were yours in early days.

WORDSWORTH.

5. Smiles you have that tell of sunny feeling,
Only smiles like yours such feeling tell;
Touch the chord of grief, and at the spell,
Tears of love and innocence are stealing.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

6. The queen of loveliness, thou art no less
The queen of modesty and maiden grace.

W. G. SIMMS.

7. Whether is your beauty by your words divine,
 Or are your words sweet chaplain to your beauty?
 Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
 And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,
 So do your words your beauties, beauty words.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN—*Edward the Third*, 1507.

8. You talk of politics or prayers,
 Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
 Of daggers or of dancing bears,
 Of battles or the last new bonnets.

PRAED—*Belle of the Ball*.

9. In your utmost lightness there is truth,—and often
 you speak lightly,
 And you have a grace in being gay, which mourn-
 ers even approve;
 For the root of some grave earnest thought is un-
 derstruck so rightly,
 As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers
 above.

MISS BARRETT—*The Lady Geraldine*.

10. A maiden meek, with solemn, steadfast eyes
 Full of eternal constancy and faith,
 And smiling lips, through whose soft portal sighs
 Truth's holy voice, with every balmy breath,
 So journey you along life's crowded way,
 Keeping your soul's sweet counsel from all sight;

Nor pomp, nor vanity, lead you astray,
Nor aught that men call dazzling, fair, and bright.

FANNY KEMBLE.

11. Pure, pure is your maiden heart,
And ne'er a thought o' sin
Durst venture there—an angel dwells
Its borders a' within.

NICOLL.

12. A woman like a German clock,
Still a-repairing.

Love's Labor Lost.

13. One never known to rove
On gossip's errand, slanderous tales to bear
From house to house.

MRS. ELLIS—*Irish Girl.*

14. A mind whose chords, like the Æolian harp,
Respondeth to the lightest breeze that sighs.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—*The Garden.*

15. Thou, lady, in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunned the Broadway and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labor up the hill of heavenly truth.

MILTON.

16. Thou dost live for others, thou hast found
Thyself most blest when all were blest around.

S. G. BULFINCH.

17. You are a riddle—solve you who can.

KNOWLES—*Love Chase.*

18. Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate,
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.

WALLER.

19. Thou art most fair ! but thine is loveliness
That dwells not only on the lip or eye ;
Thy beauty is the pure heart's holiness,
Thy grace the lofty spirit's majesty.

FANNY KEMBLE.

20. You are the pride
Of your familiar sphere—the daily joy
Of all who on your gracefulness may gaze,
And in the light and music of your way,
Have a companion's portion.

N. P. WILLIS.

21. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you
good : the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes
beauty brief in goodness ; but grace being the
soul of your complexion, should keep the body of
it ever fair.

Measure for Measure.

22. Have I not seen thy needle plied
With as much ready glee,

As if it were thy greatest pride
 A sempstress famed to be ?
 Have I not ate pies, puddings, tarts
 And bread—thy hands have kneaded,
 All excellent—as if those arts
 Were all that thou hadst heeded ?

23. Most metaphysic Miss !
 Who'd win thee must not like a lover look,
 But grave philosopher, and woo by book.
 R. H. DANA.

24. Whilst the world's ambitious, empty cares,
 Its small inquietudes, and insect stings
 Disturb thee never, thou art one made up
 Of feminine affections, and your life
 Is one full stream of love from fount to sea.
 TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

25. Thou art a golden sentence,
 Writ by thy Maker.
 SHIRLEY—*Love's Cruelty.*

26. Thou art like that which is most sweet and fair,
 A gentle morning in the youth of spring,
 When the few early birds begin to sing
 Within the delicate depths of the fine air.
 ELLERY CHANNING.

27. Yes, you are fair, tis plain to see,
 They are but blind who should oppose it ;

And you are rich, all must agree,
 None can deny for each man knows it;
 Virtuous you are, by every rule,
 Who questions it is but a fool;
 But when you praise yourself, you are,
 Neither virtuous, rich, nor fair.

CLEMENT MAROT.

28. If at the wish of those you love, you roam
 To the gay tumults which endear your home,
 Mid brighter fashions, and that pomp of waste
 Which glittering fools misname, and call it taste,
 Though not a pearl your simple hair has crowned,
 When lavish diamonds fling their beams around,
 You smile serene, nor feel one envy burn,
 And sleep without a sigh on your return.

BROWN—*Paradise of Coquettes.*

29. Your ready fingers ply with equal skill
 The pencil's task, the needle, or the quill;
 Poised all your feelings, still composed your soul,
 And subject all to reason's calm control.

MRS. BARBAULD.

30. The joy of all you are, and oft we deem
 We entertain an angel unawares.

From Christmas Bells.

31. Dear happy girl! if thou appear
 Heedless—untouched with awe or serious thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine;

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

WORDSWORTH.

32. You pine, you languish, love to be alone,
Think much, speak little, and in speaking sigh.

DRYDEN.

33. You were born for rejoicing; a summer child truly;
And kindred you claim with each wild joyous thing;
The light frolic breeze,—or the streamlet unruly,
Or a cloud at its play—or a bird on the wing.

MRS. ELLET.

34. Hate is not thy nature, thy whole frame
Is harmony without one jarring atom.

ROWE—*Tamerlane*.

35. Wit that temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shines, nor e'er has past
The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet benevolence's mild command
And bashful modesty before it cast.

LORD LYTTLETON.

36. The fairest garden in your looks,
And in your mind the wisest books.

COWLEY—*The Garden*.

37. Though free off han' your thoughts ye tell,
When wi' a bosom crony,

You still keep something to yoursel'
 Ye'll scarcely tell to ony.

BURNS.

38. There is many an art to win and bless
 The cold and stern, to joy and gladness warming ;
 The coaxing smile—the frequent fond caress,
 The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming ;
 Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
 Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth.

MRS. NORTON.

39. Nor are you sad, but over every mood
 To which your lightly pliant mind gives birth,
 Gracefully changing doth a spirit brood
 Of quiet gaiety, and serenest mirth.

MILNES.

40. You seem to be all nature,
 And all varieties of things in one ;
 You set at night in clouds of tears, and rise
 All light and laughter in the morning ; fear
 No petty customs or appearances,
 But think what others only dream about ;
 And say what others do but think ; and do
 What others would but say ; and glory in
 What others dare but do.

BAILEY—*Angela*.

41. A lady, young, compassionate and fair,
 Richly adorned with every human grace,

Meek, modest, temperate and calm,
 To virtue ever dear,
 O'er all your noble manner reigns a charm,
 Which universal reverence inspires.

DANTE.

42. Thou hast a heart unstained,
 Which boldly struggles still,
 And with a hermit's strength has unsubdued main-
 tained
 A ceaseless war with ill.

A pure chaste heart in thee,
 And not a winged thing,
 Which like a swallow lives and flits from tree to tree,
 And can but love in spring.

D'HUXATIME.



THE
IDEAL OF FEMALE LOVELINESS,
AS IMAGED BY THE POET,

Is Dedicated to

THOMAS SULLY, THE ARTIST,
WHO HAS SO SUCCESSFULLY REALIZED IT IN HIS PAINTINGS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

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DESCRIPTION OF YOUR LADY-LOVE.


Hath the Fair
Or brown, or black, or golden hair,
When one is Cupid-struck, Venus is there !
Earl of Westmoreland's Olia Sacra.

The forward violet thus did I chide :—
Sweet thief, whence did thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath ;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker ate him up in death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or color, it had stolen from thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

Let me see the oracle that can tell nations I am beautiful.
Queen of Navarre to the Troubadour.

SHALL I DESCRIBE YOUR LADY-LOVE?

1.  EPHYRS her ringlets blow ;
Sporting about her neck the gold they twine,
Kiss the soft violet on her temples warm,
And eyebrow just so dark as may define
Its flexile arch, throne of expression's charm.

MRS. BROOKS—*Zophiël.*

2. Her hair more bright than are the morning's beams,
Hangs in a golden shower of sunny gleams,
And dangling seeks her forehead for to cover,
Which seen doth straight a sky of milk discover,
With two fair brows, Love's brows, which never bend
But that a golden arrow forth they send ;
Beneath the which, two burning planets glancing
Flash flames of love, for love still there is dancing.
Her either cheek resembleth blushing morn,
Or roses gules in field of lilies borne ;
'Twixt which an ivory wall so fair is raised,
That it is but abased when it's praised.
Her lips like rows of coral soft do swell,
And th' one like th' other only doth excel :
The Tyrian fish looks pale, pale look the roses,
The rubies pale, when mouth, sweet cherry, closes.

Her chin like silver Phoebe doth appear
 Dark in the midst, to make the rest more clear;
 Her neck seems framed by curious Phidias' master,
 Most smooth, most white, a piece of alabaster.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

3. Oh, the rose is like her ruby lip,
 And the lily like her skin;
 And her mouth like a faulted violet,
 With the scented breath within.

NICOLL.

4. One
 Whose beauty does astonish the survey
 Of richest eyes; whose words all ears take captive;
 Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn to serve,
 Humbly call mistress.

All's Well that ends Well.

5. A laughing light, a tender grace
 Sparkle in beauty round her face;
 And her step is as light as the breezy air
 When it bends the morning flowers so fair.

WM. CARLETON—*Ballad Poetry of Ireland.*

6. That bright lady's eye, methinks, hath less
 Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness,
 Than might besem thy love's;—upon her brow
 Something too much there sits of native scorn,
 And her smile kindles with a conscious glow,
 As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.

HEMANS.

7. Oh still her air, her face, each charm,
 Bespeak a heart with feeling warm,
 While mind informs the whole ;
 With mind her mantling cheek doth glow,
 Her voice, her beaming eye, still show
 An all-inspiring soul.

FRISBIE.

8. When first I saw her,
 Her dark and eloquent eyes, mild, full of fire,
 'Twas heaven to look upon ; and her sweet voice
 As tunable as harp of many strings,
 At once spoke joy and sadness to the soul.

ROGERS—*From Euripides.*

9. Oh, to see or hear her singing ! scarce I know which
 is divinest—
 For her looks sing too—she modulates her gestures
 to the tune ;
 And her mouth stirs with the song, like song ; and
 when the notes are finest,
 'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal light, and seem to
 swell them on.

MISS BARRETT—*The Lady Geraldine's Courtship.*

10. But who is this ? what thing of sea or land ;
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,

Sails filled, and streamers waving,
 An amber scent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger.

MILTON—*Samson Agonistes*.

11. Time has just matured each perfect grace,
 And opened all the wonders of her face.

YOUNG—*Force of Religion*.

12. Upon her brow in simple majesty
 Peace reigns, and meekness in her downcast eye;
 A pensive contemplation marks her mien,
 As though she communed with a world unseen.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—*Osric*.

13. If one had seen that tender cheek,
 Those eyes of melting blue,
 He would not have thought in a thing so weak
 Such a fiery spirit grew.

PRAED—*Troubadour*.

14. Who has not looked upon her brow,
 Has never dreamt of perfect bliss,
 But once to see her is to know
 What beauty—what perfection is.
 Her charms are of the growth of Heaven,
 She decks the night with hues of day;
 Blest are the eyes to which 'tis given
 On her to gaze the soul away,

PIERRE ROGIER.

15. The beauteous wo that charms like shaded light,
 The cheek yet young, that knows no youthful bloom,
 Well suiteth her dark brow and forehead white:
 And in the sad endurance of her eye
 Is all that love believes of woman's majesty.

ELLIOTT.

16. She is a queen of noble Nature's crowning;
 A smile of hers is like an act of grace:
 She has no winsome looks, no pretty frowning,
 Like daily beauties of the vulgar race;
 But if she smile a light is on her face,
 A clear, cool kindliness, a lunar beam
 Of peaceful radiance, silvering o'er the stream
 Of human thought with unabiding glory,
 Not quite a waking truth, not quite a dream,
 A visitation bright and transitory.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

17. A cheek where youth
 And blood, with pen of truth,
 Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

18. Her complexion light
 And gladdening; a roseate tincture shines
 Transparent in its place, her skin elsewhere
 White as the foam from which in happy hour
 Sprang the Thessalian Venus.

TAYLOR--*Philip Van Artevelde.*

19. Her chance-caught looks express

An intellectual loveliness

Which make us turn and start,
Even when no outward sign we trace
Of beauty in the form and face,—

Looks kindled from the heart.

MOULTRIE—*The Dream of Life.*

20. She was younger once than she is now,

And prettier of course. I do not mean

To say that there are wrinkles on her brow ;

Yet to be candid, she is past eighteen—

Perhaps past twenty—but the girl is shy

About her age, and Heaven forbid that I

Should get myself in trouble by revealing

A secret of this sort.

HALLECK—*Fanny.*

21. At such bright eyes the stars do light themselves ;

At such a forehead swans renew their white,

From such a lip the morning gathers blushes.

SHIRLEY—*The Coronation.*

22. A slender form where childhood's bounding grace

Contendeth yet with woman's richer beauty.

Pocahontas. By a Citizen of the West.

23. A woman like a dew-drop, she's so purer than the
purest,

And her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her sure
faith's the surest :

And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on
depth of lustre

Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than
the wild-grape cluster,

Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-
tinted marble :

Then her voice's music—call it the well's bubbling,
the bird's warble.

BROWNING—*A Blot on the Scutcheon.*

24. Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair,
Love does on both her lips forever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.

COWLEY.

25. Beauty has gone, but yet her mind is still
As beautiful as ever ; still the play
Of light around her lips has every charm
Of childhood in its freshness.

PERCIVAL.

26. Oh her smile it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.
And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair.

ELIZ. B. BARRETT.

27. Lovely as young, a childish excellence,
Infantile grace, with archness intermixed,

Plays in her look, and sparkles in her eye,
Which glows with ravishing fires from a dark orb
That has a depth like heaven.

SIMMS.

28. Her either cheek discloses,
Mingled baths of milk and roses.

BEN JONSON.

29. Her eye is like the star of love
That blinks across the evening dun,
The locks that wave that eye above
Like light clouds curling round the sun.

HOGG—*Queen's Wake*.

30. Lives there on earth a power like that which lies
In those resistless tones, in those dark eyes?

BARRY CORNWALL.

31. Had lilies eyes,
With glad surprise
They'd own themselves undone,
When her pure brow
And neck of snow
Gleam in the morning sun.

MOTHERWELL.

32. A modest maid deck'd with a blush of honor,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love,
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her,
Sacred on earth, designed a saint above.

DANIEL.

33. The beam of beauty sparkling from above ;
 The flower of virtue and pure chastitie ;
 The blossom of sweet joy and perfect love ;
 The pearl of peerless grace and modesty ;
 To her your thoughts you daily dedicate,
 To her your heart you nightly martyrize,
 To her your love you lowly do prostrate,
 To her your life you wholly sacrifice.

SPENSER.

34. Her look, her eye, her manners speak a heart
 Unknowing of deceit ; a soul of honor,
 Where frozen chastity has fixed her throne,
 And unpolluted sanctity.

J. H. PAYNE.

35. Why, faith, she is too low for a high praise, too
 brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great
 praise.

Much Ado About Nothing.

36. Flaxen are her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'erarching
 Twa laughing e'en o' bonnie blue.

BURNS.

37. The joy of youth and health her eye displays,
 And ease of heart her every look conveys.

CRABBE.

38. Scratching could not make it worse, an it were such
a face as yours is.

Much Ado About Nothing.

39. The light of love, the purity of grace,
With mind and music breathing from her face.

BYRON.

40. She has a cool collected look
As if her pulses beat by book,
A measured tone, a cold reply,
A management of voice and eye,
A calm, possessed, authentic air
That leaves a doubt of softness there.

WILLIS.

41. A face
Would put down Vesta ; in her looks doth swim
The very cream of modesty.

BEN JONSON.

42. A sweet wild girl, with eye of earnest ray
And olive cheek, at each emotion glowing.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

43. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in her cheek, that thus can wed
Your mind to adoration ; nor her eye,
Though it be full and fair ; her forehead high
And smooth as Pelop's shoulder ; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile

The easy soul ; her hands and fingers long,
 With veins enamelled richly ; nor her tongue,
 Though it speaks sweeter than Arion's harp ;
 Her hair woven into many a curious warp,
 Able in endless error to infold
 The wandering soul ; nor the true perfect mould
 Of all her body, which as pure doth show
 In maiden whiteness, as the Alpsien snow ;
 All these, were but her constancy away,
 Would please you less than a black stormy day
 The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*The Faithful Shepherdess.*

44. Sweet blushes stain her red-red cheek,
 Her eyen are blacke as sloe ;
 The ripening cherry swelles her lippe,
 And all her neck is snow.

PERCY'S RELIQUES—*Marriage of Sir Gawine.*

45. A perfect purity of blood enamels
 The beauty of her white.

JOHN FORD—*The Broken Heart.*

46. The flowers which scent her feet
 Bloom for her sake alone ; the polished shells
 Raise, as she touches them, a sound as sweet
 And musical as the breeze breathed on bells ;
 Her hand waves love, and her dark eyes rain spells ;
 Her mouth, men might mistake it for the rose
 Whose opening lips afar the wild bee smells ;

Her hair down-gushing in an armful flows,
And floods her ivory neck, and glitters as she goes.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

47. Had limner's hand
Traced such a brow, and such a lip,
I would have sworn the knave had dreamed
In some fair vision of a fairer world.

FANNY KEMBLE.

48. Matchless in person and in mind,
A saint in beauty's temple shrined.

SOTHEY.

49. Why a stranger—when he sees her
In the street even—smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

MISS BARRETT.

50. A staidness sobers o'er her pretty face,
Which something but ill hidden in her eyes
And a quaint look about her lip, denies.

LOWELL.

51. She is active, stirring, all fire,
Cannot rest, cannot tire,
To a stone she had given life.

BROWNING—*Flight of the Duchess.*

52. In that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
Whiles her face she rears up to the sky,
And to the ground her eye-lids low embaseth,

Most goodly temperature ye may descry ;
Mild humblesse, mixed with awful majesty.

SPENSER.

53. Hers is a beauty that makes sad the eye,
Bright, but fast fading like a twilight sky ;
Her shape so finely, delicately frail,
As formed for climes unruffled by a gale ;
The lustrous eye, through which looks forth the soul,
Bright and more brightly as it nears the gaol ;
The fatal clearness of the varying hue,
Where life the quick lamp shines, in flickering
through,
The waning beauty, the funereal charms,
With which Death steals his bride into his arms.

The New Timon.

54. A brow whose frowns are vastly grand,
And an eye of sunlit brightness,
And a swan-like neck, and an arm and hand
Of most bewitching whiteness.

PRAED—*Haunted Tree.*

55. Hers is a look, hers is a face
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—
Such sweet neglect more pleaseth thee
Than all the adulteries of art,
That strike the eye but not the heart.

BEN JONSON.

56. I saw her,
 And methought 'twas a curious piece of learning,
 Handsomely bound, and of a dainty letter.
 She has a face looks like a story !

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*The Elder Brother.*

57. Her hair
 In ringlets rather dark than fair,
 Does down her ivory bosom roll,
 And hiding half adorns the whole.
 In her high forehead's fair half round,
 Love sits in open triumph crowned ;
 He in the dimple of her chin
 In private state, my friends, is seen.
 Her eyes are neither black nor gray,
 Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray ;
 Their dubious lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor yes, nor no.
 Her lips, no living bard, I weet,
 May say how red, how round, how sweet !

PRIOR.

58. A beautiful and happy girl,
 With step as soft as summer air,
 And fresh young lip, and brow of pearl,
 Shadowed by many a careless curl
 Of unconfined, and flowing hair :
 A seeming child in everything
 Save thoughtful brow, and ripening charms,

As nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms.

WHITTIER.

59. She is not beautiful, yet her young face
Makes up in sweetness what it lacks in grace ;
She is not beautiful, yet her blue eyes
Steal o'er the heart like sunshine o'er the skies.

Poems by Amelia.

60. Locks like the raven's wing, dark languid eyes,
And young and beautiful, beyond compare,
An airy flitting bird, aye soft and meek,
Modest and gentle as the timid fawn
When first it ventures forth upon the lawn.

MRS. LEWIS—*Records of the Heart.*

61. Who hath eyes so soft and true,
Such translucent, shady blue !
Poets, men of all the earth
Truest judges of true worth,
Steal the life of their sweet books
From the heaven of such looks,
Though Love doom them every one
To punishment Promethean.

PATMORE—*Geraldine.*

62. O'er her fair face a rosy bloom is shed,
And stains her ivory skin with lovely red ;
Soft breathing sweets her opening lips disclose,
The native odors of the budding rose.

TASSO—*Jerusalem Delivered.*

63. I know not whether in the state of girlhood
Or womanhood to call her. 'Twixt the two
She stands, as that were loth to lose her, this
To win her most impatient. The young year
Trembling and blushing, twixt the striving kisses
Of parting Spring and meeting Summer
The only parallel.

KNOWLES—*Virginias.*

64. My friends, I have seen a white crane bigger !
She is the smallest thing alive,
Made in a piece of nature's madness ;
Too small almost for the life and gladness
Which overflows her, as a hive
Out of the bear's reach in the high trees,
Is crowded with its safe and merry bees.

BROWNING—*Flight of the Duchess.*

65. She is fresh and she is fair,
Glossy is her golden hair ;
Like a blue spot in the sky
Is her clear and loving eye.

TAYLOR—*Edwin the Fair.*

66. Her hands are marble, and her looks unchangeable
As are the wintry stars, in their pure brightness.

LANDOR—*Ines de Castro.*

67. He who beholds her hand forgets her face,
Yet in that face is all beside forgot ;

And he, who as she steps beholds her pace,
And locks profuse, doth say, "Nay, turn thee not!"

MRS. BROOKS—*Zophiël*.

68. When pensive, it seems as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born for her face ;
And when angry,—for e'en in the tranquildest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes,
The short passing anger but seems to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when
shaken.

MOORE—*Lalla Rookh*.

69. Even step, and musing gait,
And looks communing with the skies,
Her wrapt soul sitting in her eyes.

MILTON—*Penseroso*.

70. Her face is oval, and her eye
Looks like the heaven in Italy,
Serenely blue, and softly bright,
Made up of languish and of light.
And her neck, except where the locks of brown
Like a sweet summer mist fall droopingly down,
Is as pure and white as the snow, ere the earth
Has sullied the hue of its heavenly birth ;
And through the blue veins you may see
The pure blood wander silently,

Like noiseless eddies that far below
In the glistening depths of a calm lake flow.

PRAED—*The Troubadour.*

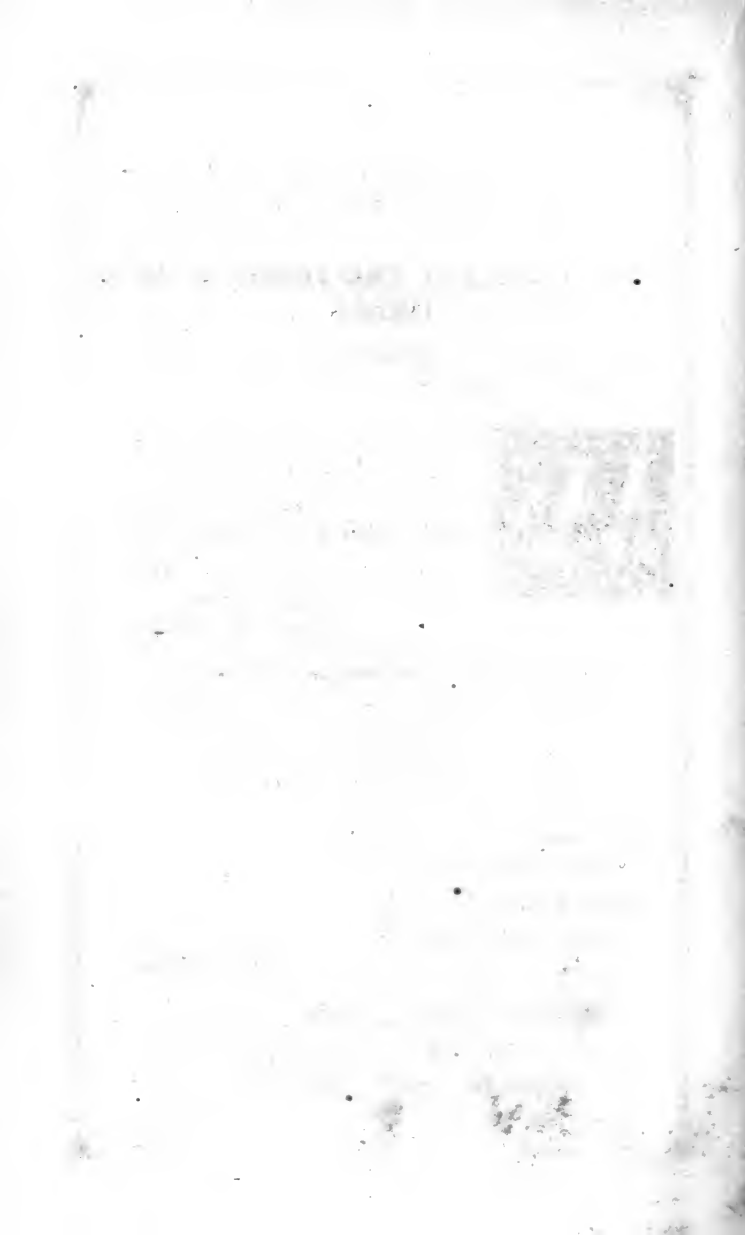
71. A pretty book of flesh and blood, and well
Bound up in a fair letter too. You would
Take her with all the errata.

JAMES SHIRLEY—*The Cardinal.*

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF YOUR LOVER.

A deep discerner
From his make will read the man, and err
Not far in judgment.

TUPPER—*Proverbial Philosophy.*



SHALL I DESCRIBE THE PERSON OF YOUR LOVER ?



ELL do I know that stately youth !
The broad daylight of cloudless truth
Like a sunbeam bathes his face ;
Though silent, still a gracious smile,
That rests upon his eyes the while,
Bestows a speaking grace.

WILSON—*Isle of Palms.*

2. Something of a black complexion with a weazel face.

SHIRLEY—*Love in a Maze.*

3. A noble spirit in a noble form.

BROWNING—*Columbe's Birth-day.*

4. He is more than six feet high,
And fortunate and wise ;
He has a voice of melody,
And beautiful black eyes.

PRAED—*Utopia.*

5. A ruddy tinge of glowing bronze
Upon his face is set,
Closely round his temples cling
Thick locks of shaggy jet.

He loves to climb the steepest crag,
 Or plunge in the rapid stream ;
 He dares to look on the thunder cloud,
 And laugh at the lightning's gleam.

ELIZA COOK.

6. In ripened years and manly prime
 He standeth, his dark pensive eye
 Speaks the high soul, the thought sublime,
 That dwells on immortality

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—*Convent Bell*

7. His tall and well-proportioned form
 The sculptor's art might grace,
 And the heart's glow sincere and warm
 Is beaming o'er his face.
 An arch and animated smile
 His lips will oft divide,
 But never doth a word of guile
 From their frank portals glide.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—*Convent Bell*.

8. 'Tis said that he is strangely ill to look at,
 That his blank eyes are borrowed of a fish,
 His eyebrows bald, his stony forehead low,
 His hair the color of a blanket soiled.

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde*.

9. The calm of thought is on his brow,
 And he is in the noon of life
 Loving and loved.

HALLECK.

10. The courteous yet majestic mien,
The liberal smile, the look serene,
The great and gentle mind.

BEATTIE—*Ode on Lord Hay.*

11. Modelled in the rarest mould
Of mind and features, clad with every grace
That honors dignity.

HILLHOUSE—*Hadad.*

12. A fine and manly brow, though sun and wind
Have darkened it, and that a shade of grief
Seems natural from long habit.

MISS LANDON.

13. A youth
Tall, graceful, well-proportioned, noble-miened,
Though something in his air may have been thought
Almost effeminate—the look of one
Who delicately nurtured, ne’er has felt
The shocks and buffets which the world inflicts.

JOHN MOULTRIE—*The Dream of Life.*

14. His gentleness has all the effect of grace,
And for his form,
His only beauty is his honest face,
No common charm.

HORNE.

15. Fresh is his cheek as evening flowers that furl
Their banners in the sun,—his locks outcurl
The fingered hyacinth.

ELLIOTT.

16. His beard
Was born last week before its time.—
I told you, did I not,
Of the untimely birth? It chanced o' Wednesday,
By reason of a fright he gave his chin,
Making its innocent down to stand on end
With brandishing of a most superfluous razor.

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

17. A sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, and
so forth.

Twelfth Night.

18. Eyes of deep blue, large waves of chestnut locks,
A forehead wide, and every feature strong,
Yet without heaviness or angry line.

HORNE—*Orion.*

19. There's not a mortal man
Among his friends more sociable and glad,
Pouring his heart out like a river of wine;
Though to his enemies his face be stern
As a bronze bust.

STERLING—*Strafford.*

20. You may look from east to west,
And then from north to south,
And never find an ampler breast,
Never an ampler mouth;
A softer tone for lady's ear,
A daintier lip for syrup,

Or a ruder grasp for an axe and spear,
Or a firmer foot for stirrup.

PRAED—*The Troubadour.*

21. Look on his eyes and thou wilt find

A sadness in their beam,
Like the pensive shade that willows cast
On the sky-reflecting stream.
There's a sweetness of sound in his talking tones,
Betraying the gentle spirit he owns.

ELIZA COOK.

22.

Little graced

With aught of manly beauty ; short, obese,
Rough-fashioned, coarse-complexioned, with lank
hair
And small gray eyes.

MOULTRIE—*The Dream of Life.*

23. Even when he utters common things, and clear to
sight,

He looks at you so intently, that you hardly think
them trite ;

A trick of serious manner, wherein women much
delight.

PATMORE—*Lilian.*

24.

Oh, a most dainty man !

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan !

Love's Labor Lost.

25. The youth's brown ringlets in the loving beam
 Hang changeful, bright, and crisp; his neck, his
 bust
 Have thousand beauties all their own, and seem
 Not only moulded to proportion just,
 But all his limbs, slightly attenuate,
 As best bespeaks activity, attest
 Something unseen, as if might emanate
 Excess of soul, through the material breast.
 His youthful cheek is bronzed, and though his eye
 Is of no vaunted hue, successive reign
 Of war and chase the quick variety,
 But oftener tenderness lends there her gentle flame.
- Mrs. Brooks—*Zophiël*.

26. He is, indeed, the glass
 Wherein the noble youth do dress themselves.
 So that in speech and gait,
 In diet, in affections, in delight,
 In military rules, humors of blood,
 He is the mark and glass, copy and book
 That fashions others.
- Henry Fourth.*

27. His eye is living light, (a mirror true,)
 In which the burning soul pours out its fire
 In dazzling coruscations, as it threw
 Its spell around him,—rousing strong desire
 In all who see to understand its glance
 Of fascination strange, and yet is thrown

A look of gentleness at times, to entrance
The gazer's soul, and fix it all its own.

MRS. DINNIES—*The Floral Year.*

28. *Pandarus.* You know he has not past three or four
hairs on his chin.

Cressida. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon
bring his particulars therein to a total.

Tróilus and Cressida.

29. There is a thoughtful calmness in his air;
Decision like a ready sword undrawn
Reposes, but sleeps not on his forehead bare,
And caution too—and deep research are there.

ELLIOTT.

30. His garb is of a shape and sort
That plainly augur little wealth,
But his frank smile gives good report
Of rich content, and placid health.

ELIZA COOK—*Melaia.*

31. Sublime significance of mouth,
Dilated nostril full of youth,
And forehead royal with the truth.

MISS BARRETT—*Vision of the Poets.*

32. His carriage is full comely and upright,
His countenance demure and temperate.

SPENSER.

33. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Tempest.
34. Every feature has the power
To aid the expression of the hour.
SCOTT—Rokeby.
35. Touch but his heart with patriot fire,
His dark eyes flash a living fire;
But when in those expressive eyes,
The beam of sensibility
Resumes its wonted reign,
They are soft as eve's reflected skies
Upon the watery plain,
When storms that heaved the waves on high
Have sunk to rest again.
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—Convent Bell.
36. His bright looks speak, e'en though his lip is mute,
And when he talks, his voice is sweeter far
Than song of lark, or sound of harp and lute.
Straight as a rush, and pure as morning star
He shines; sweet song he loves far more than strife
or war.
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.
37. Well toned his voice of war to sing,
His hair is dark as raven's wing,
His eye an intellectual lance,
No heart can bear its searching glance.
HOGG.

38. His face is brown, by winds made hard,
His voice is deep, and clear, and loud.

THOMAS MILLER.

39. With a good look, a good foot, and money enough
in his purse, such a man might win any woman in
the world—if he could get her good will.

Much Ado about Nothing.

40. His brow is raised to heaven ; the hand of care
Has touched it with no sadness.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

41. Buoyant spirits light as air,
A bounding heart untouched by care,
With sparkling eye, and polished brow,
And downy cheek of healthful glow.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—*Convent Bell.*

42. He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

43. From the moment
When men first see him, something wondrous noble
Shines through his form, and wins a friendship for
him.

ROWE—*Tamerlane.*

44. I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.

Tempest.

45. His eyes are dark and deep, and the clear brow
Which shadows them is like the morning sky.

SHELLEY.

46. High, straight forehead, nose of eagle, cold blue
eyes of less expression
Than resistance,—coldly casting off the looks of
other men
As steel, arrows;—inelastic lips, which seem to
taste possession,
And be cautious lest the common air should injure
or distrain.

MISS BARRETT—*The Lady Geraldine's Courtship.*

23

CHARACTER OF YOUR LADY-LOVE.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O :
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses O.

BURNS.



SHALL I DESCRIBE THE CHARACTER OF
YOUR LADY-LOVE?



HE is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy
birth ;

Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Taming of the Shrew.

2. Thus from within and from without,
She grew a flower of mind and eye,
'Twas love that circled her about
And love in her made quick reply.

STERLING—*The Sexton's Daughter.*

3. Her wit's a sun that melts you down like butter,
And makes you sit at table pancake-wise,
Flat, flat and ne'er a word to say.

HENRY PORTER—*Two angry Women of Abingdon.*

4. The angels sang in heaven when she was born !
She is a precious jewel, found by you
Among the filth and rubbish of the world ;
You'll stoop for it, but when you wear it there

Set in your bosom, like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.*

5. Beautiful as sweet,
And young as beautiful, and soft as young,
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay.

YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.*

6. She has no ear for flattery, no tongue
For scandal.

JOHN TOBIN.

7. *Slender.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shallow. I know the young gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

8. If she mingle with the festive train,
It is but as a melancholy star
Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,
In its bright stillness present, though afar.
Yet will she smile—(and that too hath its smile)
Circled with joy which meets her not the while,
And bearing a lone spirit, not at war

With earthly things, but o'er their form and hue
Shedding too clear a light, too sorrowfully true.

HEMANS—*Forest Sanctuary.*

9. She's girnin' at e'enin'—she's girnin' at morn—
A' hours of the day in your flesh she's a thorn;
At ye baith a' the neighbor-folk canna but grin,
There's never an end o' her flyten' an' din.

NICOLL.

10. Although she has no beauty to compare
With the best faces, she has a heart above
All competition.

JAMES SHIRLEY—*The Coronation.*

11. She is in virtue resolute,
As she is bland and tender in affection.

KNOWLES—*Love Chase.*

12. Her being's law is gentle bliss,
Her purpose, and her duty;
And quiet joy her loveliness,
And gay delight her beauty.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

13. Her sweet affections, free as wind,
Nor fear nor craving feel;
No secret hollow has her mind
For passion to reveal.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

14. She is a child in years,
And though in wit a woman, yet her heart,
Untempered by the discipline of pain,
Is fancy-led.

TAYLOR—*Edwin the Fair.*

15. In truth, Sir, she is pretty, honest, and gentle, and
one that is your friend—I can tell you that by the
way.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

16. Nor proud, nor coy, the maiden yet is choice,
And seeks a kindred spirit for her own
When she shall give her heart.

W. G. SIMMS.

17. A good woman,
But when she is impertinent grows earnest,
A little troublesome, and out of reason;
Her love and zeal transport her.

BEN JONSON.

18. She with quiet air
Of mild indifference, and with truthful words,
Kind, yet determined, still withdraws herself
To chosen solitude, intent to keep
A maiden's freedom.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

19. She is all mildness, and the melting tone
Of her sweet voice thrills us, and seems to flow
Into our souls, a stream of melody,

Delicious in its mellowness; it speaks
A heart at ease.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

20. She will sing
As if song were an element, and she
The gay glad bird just fitted to extend
Her bright wings o'er its bosom, and go forth
Bringing rich notes to earth from the high heaven.

W. G. SIMMS.

21. True she is fair, oh how divinely fair!
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners.

ADDISON—*Cato*.

22. Good she is and fair in youth,
And her mind is seen to soar,
And her heart is wed to truth.

BARRY CORNWALL.

23. The gaudy gossip when she's set agog,
In jewels drest, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and in her trim of pride
Thinks all she does or says is justified.

DRYDEN.

24. She is a flower
New opened in a valley, where no frost
Hath trodden, and no living thing hath left
Print of the world's pollution.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

25. 'Tis not the beam of her bright clear eye,
 Nor the smile of her lips of rosy dye,
 Nor the dark brown wreaths of her glossy hair,
 Nor her changing cheek so rich and rare ;
 'Tis a dearer spell that bids thee kneel,
 'Tis the heart to love, and the soul to feel,
 'Tis the mind of light, and the spirit free,
 And the bosom that heaves alone for thee.

DRAKE.

26. Though time her bloom is stealing,
 There's still beyond his art—
 The wild flower wreath of feeling,
 The sunbeam of the heart.

HALLECK.

27. The languid lady she appears in state,
 Who was not born to carry her own weight ;
 She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
 To her own stature lifts the feeble maid,
 And knowing her own weakness she despairs
 To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.

YOUNG—*Love of Fame.*

28. Patience and sorrow strive
 Which shall express her goodliest.

King Lear.

29. Full-blown and rich in her maturity ;
 The dwelling of a spirit not of earth,
 But ever mingling with the pure and high

Conceptions of a soul, that spreads its wings
To fly where mind when boldest dares to soar.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

30. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would some scholar would conjure her.

Much Ado about Nothing.

31. It is not mirth, for mirth she is too still;
It is not wit, which leaves the heart more chill,
But that continuous sweetness, which with ease
Pleases all round it, from the wish to please.
This is the charm that her clear smiles bestow;
The wave's fresh ripple from clear fountain's flow.

The New Timon.

32. A modest maid decked with the blush of honor,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love,
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her,
Sacred on earth, designed a saint above.

DANIEL.

33. A spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, e'en while it errs,
As sunshine broken in the rill
Though turned astray is sunshine still.

MOORE—*Lalla Rookh.*

34. She has
A heart . . how shall I say? . . too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she likes whate'er

She looks on, and her looks go everywhere.

Oh, Sir, she smiles no doubt
Whene'er you pass her ; but who passes without
Much the same smile ?

BROWNING—*Bells and Pomegranates.*

35. Your fair one is a preacher,
Inspired when she is vexed !
She never lacks a sermon,
Sir you are still the text ;
She preaches all your faults and flaws,
And pays them all in kind,
But most she hates, aye more than all,
The faults she cannot find.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

36. She keeps an Album
Well filled with all an album's glories,
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories ;
Soft sonnets to her cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Laboo !
And recipes for elder water.

PRAED—*Belle of the Ball.*

37. You cannot know the good and tender heart,
Its girl's trust, and its woman's constancy,
How pure yet passionate, how calm yet kind,
How grave yet joyous, how reserved, yet free

As light where friends are—how imbued with love
The world most prizes, yet the simplest.

BROWNING—*A Blot on the Scutcheon.*

38. She keeps with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart is cold to all but gold,
And the rich come not to woo.

WILLIS.

39. Graced highly she with knowledge, versed in tongues ;
a queen of dance ;
An artist at her playing ; a most touching utterance.

PATMORE—*Lilian.*

40. She is a widow ; on this earth
It seems her only task is mirth.
She has no nerves and no sensations,
No troubling friends nor poor relations,
No gnawing grief to feel a care for,
No living soul to breathe a prayer for.

PRAED—*The Troubadour.*

41. She never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is always in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind, m
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquished and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finished, and her temper sweet,
When serious easy, and when gay discreet ;

In glittering scenes o'er her own heart severe,
 In crowds collected, and in courts sincere ;
 Sincere and warm, with zeal well understood,
 She takes a noble pride in doing good ;
 Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
 The mode she fixes by the gown she wears ;
 Of silks and china she's the last appeal,
 In these great points she leads the public weal.

YOUNG—*Love of Fame.*

42. Quiet talk she liketh best,
 In a bower of gentle looks,
 Watering flowers or reading books.

MISS BARRETT.

43. She is beautiful as young,
 And add to that, learned too.

KNOWLES—*Love Chase.*

44. All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded ; wisdom, in discourse with her,
 Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows ;
 Authority and reason on her wait.

MILTON—*Paradise Lost.*

45. Is she not gentle as the guileless infant,
 Mild as the genial breezes of the spring,
 And softer far than melting sighs of Love ?

WALLER.

46. She's cold without, whilst warm within the flame of
Love is raging ;
She's gay and pleasant in the street,—soft, cheerful,
and engaging ;
She's thrifty and discreet at home,—the cares of
life assuaging :
All this and more ;—try, and you'll find how true is
my presaging.

JUAN DE HITA.



CHARACTER OF HIM WHO LOVES YOU.

Falstaff.—"Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow."

Henry Fourth.



SHALL I DESCRIBE THE CHARACTER OF HIM
WHO LOVES YOU?



Ripe young man,
Of nimble apprehension, of a wise
And spreading observation; of whom
Already our old men do prophesy
Good and great things.

SHIRLEY—*The Traitor.*

2. 'Tis not the play of high-toned sense,
Nor keenly-eyed intelligence,
Which have the power we know so well
To charm us;—but a deeper spell,
A something in his holy life,
Which unapproachable by strife
Sheds its own halo round.

WILLIAMS—*The Babbistery.*

3. Every morning does this fellow put himself upon the
rack with putting on his apparel, and manfully en-
dures his tailor when he screws and twists his body
into the fashion of his doublet.

SHIRLEY—*The Bird in a Cage.*

4. I deem that he is one
 Whose heart doth love in silent communings
 To walk with nature, and from scenes like these
 Of solemn sadness, to sublime the soul
 To high endurance of all earthly pains
 Of mind and body.

WILSON—*The Hermitage.*

5. There's aye thing yet—there's twa things yet
 To brag on that ye know ;
 He never, never failed a friend,
 And never feared a foe.

NICOLL.

6. Though looks and words
 By the strong mastery of his practised will
 Are overruled, the mounting blood betrays
 An impulse in its secret spring, too deep
 For his control.

SOUTHEY—*Oliver Newman.*

7. A merrier man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
 For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.

Love's Labor Lost.

8. Pray note the fop—half powder and half lace,
 Nice as a bandbox is his dwelling place !

He's the *gilt paper* which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in your 'scrutoire.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—*Paper, a Poem.*

9. And though, as you have said, the vernal bloom
Of his first spirits fading leaves him changed—
Tis not to worse, His mind is as a meadow
Of various grasses, rich and fresh beneath,
But o'er the surface some that come to seed
Have cast a color of sobriety.

TAYLOR—*Edwin the Fair.*

10. I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulged, free, learned, valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
Gracious.

Twelfth Night.

11. His talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses ;
He slips from politics to puns,
Passes from Mahomet to Moses ;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

PRAED—*The Vicar.*

12. All who approach him by that spell are bound,
Which nobler natures weave themselves around ;

Those stars which make their own charmed atmosphere ;

Not wholly love, but yet more love than fear ;
A mystic influence, which we know not why
Makes some on earth a portion of our sky.

The New Timon.

13. In all blithe sports' debates,

Down by the river,
He of his merry mates
Foremost was ever :
Skilfullest with his flute,
Leading the maidens,
Hearkening by moonlight mute
To its sweet cadence.
Sprightliest in the dance
Tripping together,
Such a one was he once
'Till thou came hither.

SAMUEL FERGUSON—*The Forester's Complaint.*

14. A gentleman of handsome parts,
And they say fortun'd, diligent in 's courtship.

SHIRLEY—*Love in a Maze.*

15. All unveiled the world of sense
An inner meaning has for him,
And beauty loved in innocence,
Not sought in passion or in whim,
Within a soul so pure can ne'er grow dull and dim.

C. P. CRANCH.

16. He is a wit in the pun-making line,
Past fifty years of age and five feet nine.

HALLECK—*Fanny*.

17. He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause.

WATTS.

18. He possesses for riches content, and for honors quiet.
His thoughts are not higher than his fortunes, nor
his desires greater than his calling. His heart's
thirst is satisfied with his hand's thrift, and his
gentle labors in the day turn to sweet slumbers in
the night.

JOHN LILY—*Sappho and Phaon*.

19. He cannot try to speak with gravity,
But one perceives he wags an idle tongue ;
He cannot try to look demure, but spite
Of all he does, he shows a laugh's cheek ;
He cannot e'en essay to walk sedate,
But in his very gait one sees the jest,
That's ready to break out in spite of all
His seeming.

KNOWLES—*William Tell*.

20. He loves
As fiercely as he fights.

BRYANT.

21. Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Taming of the Shrew.

22. Much has he read, yet all confused and mixed,
No polar truth his wandering mind has fixed.
The fiery impulse, and the kingly will,
If prompt to good, no judgment checks from ill ;
Quick in revenge, and passionately proud,
His brightest hour still shines forth from a cloud,
And none conjecture on the next can form—
So plays the sunbeam on the verge of storm.

The New Timon.

23. One whom nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea—
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters, feels the quickening spur
In his strong spirit, who as his own child
Does love the flower, and in the rugged bur
A beauty sees.

R. H. DANA.

24. A man in middle age,
Busy, and hard to please.

TAYLOR.

25. True to his church he comes ; no Sunday shower
Keeps him at home in that important hour.

CRABBE.

26. Certes he is a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen.

THOMSON.

27. A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marks him for her own.

GRAY.

28. The gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound ; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Henry VIII.

29. A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one—
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all.
Such man are you, and such a time is this
That your sole fate concerns a nation more
Than its immediate welfare ; and to prove
Your rectitude, and duly crown the same
Of consequence beyond the day's event,
Keep but the model safe, new men will rise
To study it, and, many another day,

BROWNING—*Luzia.*

30. Not only witty himself, but the cause that wit is in
other men.

Henry Fourth.

31. If he had stept into my watch-tent, night
 And the wide desert full of foes around,
 I should have broke the bread, and given the salt,
 Secure, and when my hour of watch was done,
 Taken my turn to sleep between his knees,
 Safe in the unclouded brow and honest cheek.

BROWNING—*Luria*.

32. From noise and riot he devoutly keeps,
 Sighs with the sick, and with the mourner weeps.

HARTE.

33. Negligent as the blossoms of the field,
 Arrayed in candor and simplicity.

LANDOR—*Count Julian*.

34. His way once chose he forward thrusts outright,
 Nor steps aside for dangers and delight.
 Yet is he wise all dangers to foresee,
 But born to affright, and not to fear, is he.
 His wit is strong, not fine, and on his tongue
 An artless grace is eloquently hung.
 These virtues, too, the rich unusual dress
 Of modesty adorn, and humbleness.

COWLEY—*Davideis*.

35. A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk, and
 will say more in a minute, than he will stand to
 in a month.

Romeo and Juliet.

36. This should have been a noble creature ; he
 Hath all the energy which would have made
 A goodly frame of glorious elements,
 Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,
 It is an awful chaos—light and darkness
 And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts
 Mixed, and contending without end or order,
 All dormant or destructive : he will perish,
 And yet he must not ;—such are worth redemption !

BYRON—*Manfred*.

37. Immensely fond of dancing,
 And somewhat given to romancing ;
 With laughing lip, and jocund eye,
 And studied tear, and practised sigh,
 And ready sword, and ready verse,
 And store of money in his purse.

PRAED—*The Troubadour*.

38. Truly noble,
 And worth a woman's trust.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

39. He has a careless courage, which corruption
 Has not all quenched, and latent energies
 Represt by circumstance, but not destroyed,
 Steeped but not drowned.

BYRON—*Sardanapalus*.

40. Of very reverend reputation,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none.

Comedy of Errors.

41. A careful noter of men's ways ; of clear
And lofty spirit ; sages when he speaks
Forget their systems, and the worldly wise
Shrink from his gaze of truth with baffled eyes.

H. ALFORD.

42. He has the secret strange
To read that hidden book, the human heart,
He has the ready writer's practised art,
 He has the thought to range
The broadest circles intellect hath ran—
And he is God's best work—an honest man.

WILLIS—*The Wife's Appeal.*

43. A man in all the world's new fashions planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;
One whom the music of his own vain voice
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.

Love's Labor Lost.

44. Matchless his pen, victorious his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance.

POPE.

45. A worthy man
Whose name would pass on 'change soon as his bond.
A liberal man for schemes of public good

That sets down tens, where others units write ;
A charitable man—the good he does
That's told of, not the half.

KNOWLES—*The Hunchback.*

46. So crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it
is his ground of faith that all who look on him
love him.

Twelfth Night.

47. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire the man were made a prelate ;
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say—it hath been all his study ;
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music ;
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter ; that when he speaks
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.

Henry Fifth.

48. He ever loved
The ornaments of life, and claimed his due
Of rank and state ; delighted in the blaze
Of arms, and glistening face of war ; and bore
Himself from his most tender years, like one
Conscious of nobleness.

HILLHOUSE—*Hadad.*

49. Most learned in dogs and and horses.

KNOWLES—*Love Chase.*

50. When religious sects run mad,
He holds in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

PRAED—*The Vicar.*

51. One
Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile,
Nor like the Parthian wound him as they fly.

YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.*

52. He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth.

Merchant of Venice.

53. Zealous yet modest, innocent though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene, amid alarms ;
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms.

BEATTIE—*Minstrel.*

54. He keeps no reckoning with his sweets and sour,
He'll hold a sullen countenance for hours,
And then if pleased to cheer himself a space,
Look for immediate rapture in your face,
And wonder that a cloud could still be there
How small soever, when his own is fair.

LEIGH HUNT—*Rimini*.

WHAT IS THE NAME OF YOUR LADY-LOVE?

I asked my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome, or Greece,
Neëra, Laura, Daphne, Chloris,
Carina, Lalage, or Doris,
Dorimene or Lucrece?

"Ah," replied my gentle fair,
"Dear one, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Laura, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage, or Doris,
Only—only—call me thine!"

COLERIDGE.

Really people
Who christen people, ought to pause a little,
And think what they're about.

LEIGH HUNT—*From the Italian of Casa.*

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WHAT IS THE NAME OF YOUR LADY-LOVE?



HEY call her *Katharine*, that do talk
of her.

Taming of the Shrew.

Isabella came

Armed with a resistless flame,
And the artillery of her eye.

COWLEY—*Chronicle.*

If zealous Love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in *Blanche*?

King John.

2. We cannot easily define
If monarchs reign by right divine ;
One point we readily can prove,
Eliza's throne was given by—Love.

BERANGER.

3. *Isabel*,
The dark-eyed, spiritual Isabel!

N. P. WILLIS.

4. With *Leonora* it shall be your fate
To be entwined forever—but too late.

BYRON—*Lament of Tasso.*

5. Your *Sara* came, with gentlest look divine ;
Bright shone her eye, yet tender was its beam.

COLERIDGE.

6. Thou, *Julia*, thou hast metamorphosed him !
Made him neglect his studies, lose his time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Made wit with nursing weak, heart-sick with thought.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

7. What can be the matter with *Lizzie*, her cheek
That of late has been dimpleless, colorless, cold,
Has gathered a glow and a glory, that speak
Like an eloquent voice of a rapture untold ?

MRS. OSGOOD.

8. There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds you o' your *Jean*.

BURNS.

9. Adieu to sweet *Mary* forever !
From her you must quickly depart ;
Though the fates you from each other sever,
Still her image will dwell in your heart.*

BYRON.

10. *Anne* loves thee not, for I know *Anne's* mind as well
as another.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

* The earliest lines written by Lord Byron, in 1804.

11. *Marian*, who makes your heart and very rhymes
run o'er.

LEIGH HUNT.

12. Ye hours of expectation, quickly fly,
And bring on hours of blest reality,
When thou shalt *Laura* see, beside her stand,
Hear her sweet voice, and press her yielded hand.

CRABBE.

13. You oft at midnight wander out,
Wrapt up in love, and your capote,
To muse on beauty and the skies,
Cold winds—and *Leonora's* eyes.

PRAED.

14. You question not the heart of *Kate*, you cast upon
her name
No memory of jealous fear, no lightest shade of
blame ;
You know that you have loved her long, with deep
and secret truth,
You know she is a fitting one to bless your trusting
youth.

ELIZA COOK.

15. Yes there is one true heart, that heart is thine,
Fond *Emmeline* !

LEIGH HUNT.

16. Forever wilt thou, fond enthusiast, rove
With *Julia's* spirit, through the shadowy grove.

Gaze with delight on every scene she planned,
Kiss every flower planted by her hand.

CAMPBELL.

17. *Sarah!* Her face so formed of smiles,—
Her pulses beat with glee!
Each look and motion seeming still
As tuned to harmony.

MARIA JAMES.

18. With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
You marked your *Hannah's* downcast eye,
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

19. "Come back, Sir," said *Kate*, "recollect from to-day
When I tell you to lave me, I mane ye shall stay."

MRS. OSGOOD.

20. A wit herself, *Amelia* weds a wit.

YOUNG—*Love of Fame.*

21. *Mary!* Since first you knew her to this hour,
Your love hath deepened, with the wiser sense
Of what in woman is to reverence;
Her clear heart fresh as e'er was forest flower,
Still opens more to you its beauteous dower.

JAMES LOWELL.

22. *Clarinda*, mistress of your soul.

BURNS.

23. "Let me find
A sweet young lover with an aged mind:"
Thus *Lilla* prayed.
WILLIAM DRUMMOND.
24. *Melinda*, formed with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting above beauty wise.
THOMSON—*Autumn*.
25. Oh, *Anne*, your offences to him have been grievous!
I thought from his wrath no atonement would save
you;
But woman is made to command and deceive us
He looked in your face, and he almost forgave you.
BYRON.
26. Few sorrows hath she of her own,
Your hope, your joy, your *Genevieve*!
COLERIDGE.
27. *Eliza* to this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
Still new favorites she chose,
Till up in arms your passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.
COWLEY—*Chronicles*.
28. Airy, fairy *Lillian*!
Flitting, fairy *Lillian*!
When thou askest if she love thee,
Claps her tiny hands above thee,

Laughing all she can.
 She'll not tell thee if she love thee,
 Cruel little Lillian !

A. TENNYSON.

29. Young *Mary Anna*, on whose youthful cheek
 But thirteen years has kindled up the rose.

MRS. GILMAN—*The Young Heroine of Stono.*

30. When maidens such as *Hester* die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try.

LAMB.

31. Content decked in smiles spreads her pastoral store,
 And *Miranda* prepares the repast.

HECTOR MACNIEL.

32. *Annie* of ———, thy light and thy sun !
 The threads of your two lives are woven in one.

SIMON BACH.

33. Thy tears are for *Edith*, the fairest, the best.

BROWN.

34. A promise has your *Lucy* made,
 And will your heart its claim resign,
 That ere May flowers again should fade,
 Her hand and heart should both be thine ?

BLOOMFIELD.

35. You like lady *Adeline's* braids smooth and glossy.

MRS. OSGOOD.

36. Not that I deem it matter of surprise
That you should love to gaze at *Phœbe's* eyes.
BLOOMFIELD.
37. Oh, would her name were Grace!
—— It is *Grace* indeed.
Winter's Tale.
38. *Emma!* 'tis a name to wake
Poesy for its own sake.
BERNARD BARTON.
39. Perhaps thy loved *Lucinda* shares thy walk,
With soul attuned to thine.
THOMSON—*Spring.*
40. *Sophia* ; it would please me passing well,
Before we part on so much worth to dwell.
CRABBE.
41. The lily pure that scents the vale,
Fresh gilt wi' morning beams and dew,
The rose that blushing scents the gale,
Wi' *Helen's* matched would tyne their hue.
HECTOR MACNIEL.
42. The idol of your heart,
The fair *Adele*.
MARIA JAMES.
43. Heaven and virtue guard your *Annie*.
HECTOR MACNIEL.
44. *Gertrude*, in all her loveliness and bloom.
HALLECK.

45. *Julia*, more than lily fair,
More blooming than the budding rose.
R. FERGUSON.
46. *Florence*, she so loved !
DRAKE.
47. With more than Jewish reverence, as yet,
Do you the sacred name conceal :—
When, ye kind stars, ah when will it be fit,
This gentle mystery to reveal ?
When will your love be named, and you possess
That christening badge of happiness ?
COWLEY.
48. Your wondrous rare description
Of beauteous *Margaret*, hath astonished me ;
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passion in the heart.
Henry Sixth.
49. *Rachel*, meek-eyed maid !
A child of gracious Nature, ever neat
And never fine, a flowret simply sweet.
CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.*
50. Wreathed in its dark-brown curls, her hair
Half hides *Matilda's* forehead fair.
SCOTT—*Rokeby.*
51. Modest and sweet,
Congenial with thy mind and character,
High-born *Augusta*.
WORDSWORTH.

52. *Fanny*, 'twas with her name your song began.

HALLECK.

53. You love, when with a graceful pride

You see the fair *Louisa* glide

Along the dance's glittering row,

With footsteps soft as falling snow.

JOHN WILSON.

54. Fair as a summer dream is *Margaret*,

Such dream as in a poet's soul may start,

Musing of old loves while the moon doth set.

LOWELL.

55. *Julia* walking on the heath,

With the pale moon above her.

PRAED.

56. Dear neighbor *Constance*,

You'll give horses, dogs, and all for *Constance*!

KNOWLES—*Love Chase*.

57. *Maria* pities you too late.

YOUNG—*Force of Religion*.

58. Cease to mourn,

Lament not *Hannah's* happy state,

You may be happy in your turn,

And seize the treasure you regret.

COLLINS.

59. *Jane* happening to be hemming frills.

PRAED.

60. A smile is struggling with a tear

In *Mary's* eye of truth,
In *Mary's* heart are love and fear,
At *Mary's* feet a youth.

MRS. OSGOOD.

61. One name is *Elizabeth*.

BEN JONSON.

62. Oh, what are you to love her, your beloved, your
Geraldine?

E. B. BARRETT.

63. *Henrietta* like a muse inspires.

YOUNG—*Love of Fame*.

64. *Anna*, with the faint rose shade
That trembles on her cheek, but in her lips
Deepens to crimson.

MRS. OSGOOD.

65. Come weal, come woe, you care na by,
You'll tak what Heaven will sen' ye O,
Nae ither care in life to try,
But live and love your *Nannie* O.

BURNS.

66. Ever at early dawn, and close of day,
Oh, be *Amanda's* toil to thine allied;
Labor shall lead her smiling to thy side,
So but a smile of thine her toil repay.

WIELAND.

67. Flow on, thou shining river,
But ere thou reach the sea,

Seek *Ella's* bower, and give her
The wreath he flings o'er thee.

MOORE.

68. Sweet is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening's close ;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young *Jessie*,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

BURNS.

69. *Harriet* is in truth
A tall, fair beauty, in the bloom of youth.

CRABBE.

70. Lo, at her feet see him kneeling the while—
Eloise! *Eloise!* why do you smile ?

MRS. OSGOOD.

71. With you they strive to join *Lavinia's* hand,
But dire portents the purposed match withstand.

DRYDEN—*Virgil*.

72. *Sarah's* love thy noble mind prepares ;
Shows thee thy dangers, duties, sorrows, cares.

MRS. BARBAULD.

73. Of beauty the paragon, she is called *Katy!*
In order arranged are her bright-flowing tresses,
The thread of a spider their fineness expresses,
And softer her cheek that is mantled with blushes,
Than the drift of the snow or the pulp of the rushes.

Ballad Poetry of Ireland.

74. O, marry him to one *Frances*!

Love's Labor Lost.

75. How deep that blush, how deep that sigh!

And why does *Lucy* shun thine eye?

SCOTT—*Bridal of Triermain.*

76. When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,

And *Rosaline* they call her.

Love's Labor Lost.

77. Thy *Jane* is fair to every eye,

How more than earthly fair to thee!

Her very beauty makes thee sigh

To think that it should ever flee.

STIRLING—*The Sexton's Daughter.*

78. Devoted constancy, and faith, and truth,

Dwell in that syllable of sweetness—*Ruth.*

MRS. OSGOOD.

79. *Louisa* looks the queen of knitters!

PRAED.

80. A sweeter maid is by thy side

Than things of dreams can be;

First precious love to her thou'lt give,

And, *Alice*, thou art she!

NICOLL.

81. They'll tell your *Clara* you have seemed

Of late another's charm to woo.

MRS. BARBAULD.

82. Poor *Fanny*! now I think I see her blush
 All red and rosy, while I beat the bush,
 "And hide your secret," said I, "if you dare;"
 So out it came, like an affrighted hare.

CRABBE.

83. You look at *Georgina's* soft tress as it flows.

MRS. OSGOOD.

84. Her head
 Bowed down with beauty, and with tenderness,
 And lowly thought, your own *Teresa*.

HEMANS—*Scenes of Life*.

85. *Ellen's* voice in the breeze may you hear,
 Still see in bright clouds, the kind beams of her eye.

MRS. OPIE.

86. The same as she hath ever been,
 The loved the lovely *Magdalen*!

HALLECK.

87. A fairer form than cherub loves,
 And let the name be *Caroline*.

CAMPBELL.

88. *Constantia*, turn!
 In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie.

SHELLEY.

89. Thy *Anna's* heart is bound to thine.

ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

90. She wears your last look in her soul,

Which said "I love but thee,

Margret ! Margret !"

E. B. BARRETT.

91. Come, thou, *Amanda*, come, pride of his song !

Formed by the Graces, loveliness itself !

Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,

Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul !

THOMSON—*Spring*.

92. Beautiful ! beautiful !

Passion is stilled

Meeting thy blessed eyes,

Happy *Matilde* !

MRS. OSGOOD.

93. *Eleanor*, with stately tread,

A vision bright !

MRS. NORTON.

94. Among your cordial band of friends

Sweet *Mary*.

DRAKE.

95. They call her *Emma*.

PRAED—*Nut-Brown Maid*.

96. Oh, bonnie as heaven itsel' an' pure

Are the flowers of ilka kind ;

But they ha'ena the womanly purity,

O' your darling *Jeanie's* mind.

NICOLL.

97. Make *Margaret* happy. Twenty golden crowns,
And she is blest!

MRS. DOWNING—*Satan in Love.*

98. Miss *Florence*, the young milliner, blue-eyed and
bright,
In the front parlor over her shop.

HALLECK.

99. *Mary* then, and gentle *Anne*,
Both to reign at once began,
Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes *Mary* is the fair,
And sometimes *Anne* the crown doth wear,
And sometimes both have swayed.

COWLEY—*Chronicle.*

100. You have ransacked the world through each part,
And at length have selected your fair;
From each bosom she steals every heart,
But her name——ask me not to declare.

SHENSTONE.

101. Her kindness and her worth to spy
You need but gaze on *Ellen's* eye.

SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.*

102. The well-known lock of auburn hair,
That once was hers—that now is thine,
Will oft to pensive memory bear,
The lovely name of *Caroline*.

H. F. GOULD.

103. Oh! had I words of fire, I could not paint
Your *Mary*—in her majesty of mind
Expressing half the queen, and half the saint.

ELLIOTT.

104. The accomplished swain
Beheld *Maria*, and confessed her reign.

CRABBE—*Posthumous Papers*.

105. *Mary*, meek listener at the Saviour's feet.

HEMANS—*Scenes of Life*.

106. As sings the bird sings *Lucy*, all her art
A voice, in which you listen to the heart.

The New Timon.

107. Dost thou forget poor *Lydia*?—*Lydia*?—No.

JOHN SHEPPARD—*An Autumn Dream*.

108. *Eliza*! What fools are the Musselmen sect,
Who to woman deny the soul's future existence!
Could they see thee, *Eliza*, they'd own their defect,
And this doctrine would meet with a general
resistance.

BYRON.

109. *Judith*,
Prudent in mind.

Alfred of England's Metres of Boethius.

110. The snow-flake that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,

Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves,
 The sisterhood of flowers,
 Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
 Her purity define ;
 But *Ida's* dearer far than these
 To that fond breast of thine.

MORRIS.

110. Young *Emily* has temples fair,
 Caressed by locks of dark-brown hair ;
 A thousand sweet humanities
 Speak wisely from her hazel eyes ;
 Her speech is ignorant of command,
 But it can lead you like a hand ;
 Her white teeth sparkle when the eclipse
 Is laughter-moved, of her red lips ;
 She moves, all grace, with gliding limbs,
 As a white-breasted cygnet swims.

COOKE—*A Proem to the Froissart Ballads.*



YOUR LOVER'S NAME.

QUINCE. To all our company here ?

BOTTOM. You were best to call them generally, man by man,
according to the scrip.

QUINCE. Here is the Scroll of every man's *Name*.

Midsummer Night's Dream.


JULIA. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love ?

LUCY. Please you repeat their *Names*.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.



MAY I TELL YOUR LOVER'S NAME?

1. EAR, I heard thee in the Spring,
Thee and *Robert*—through the trees,—
And the sound grew into word,
As the speakers drew more near.
Sweet, forgive me, that I heard
What you wished me not to hear.
ELIZ. B. BARRETT.
2. *Lawrence*, of virtuous father virtuous son.
MILTON.
3. *Edward* lo! to sudden fate
(Weave the woof, the thread is spun),
Half of thy heart we consecrate;
The web is wove, the work is done.
GRAY—*The Bard*.
4. I own I thought *Alonzo* most your friend!
YOUNG—*The Revenge*.
5. *George* with all his resolution strove,
To check the progress of his growing love.
BLOOMFIELD.

6. Your father and mother tould *Dan*,
That you're three years owre young yet to hae' a gude
man.

HECTOR MACNIEL.

7. Thou lovest him, for his name is *Will*.

SHAKSPEARE—*Sonnet*.

8. *Joe* is advancing in knowledge,
He begs me to send his regard.

PRAED—*Quince*.

9. *Jonathan* the joy and grace,
The beautifullest and best of human race.

COWLEY.

10. No, no, Mr. *Frost*, you may peep if you please
Over the mountains and through the trees,
You may do what you will, and she shall not fear,
For she is determined you shan't come here.

MRS. OSGOOD.

11. Young *David* he's a ruddy lad
With silken sunny locks.

H. F. GOULD.

12. *King*-bred up in modest lore.

CHURCHILL.

13. Poor *Jack*—no matter who—for when I blame,
I pity, and must therefore sink the name.

COWPER—*Retirement*.

14. You cannot believe
That *James* can lie, or purpose to deceive.
CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall*.
15. Man still with guile and faithless love
Is charged, perhaps too true ;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you.
BURNS.
16. How now, *Frank* ! Why art thou melancholy ?
Merry *Wives of Windsor*.
17. As you smile or frown, *John* lives or dies ;
His dress, speech, gesture, studies, friendships, all
Being fashioned to your liking.
CHARLES LAMB—*John Woodvil*.
18. Here is *Richard*—poor indeed—but—nay
This is self-torment—foolish thoughts away !
CRABBE—*Tales*.
19. *Henry*, thy *Henry* with eternal truth.
PRIOR—*Nut-Brown Maid*.
20. The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy *Edwin's* too.
GOLDSMITH.
21. Dawn of affection ! Love's delicious sigh !
Caught from the lightnings of a speaking eye,
That leads the heart to rapture or to woe,
'Tis *Walter's* fate the maddening power to know.
BLOOMFIELD.

22. A little man with a face of glee,
The neighbors call him *Tim the Tacket!*
MOTHERWELL.
23. *Tom* you shall meet again, and yet
I cannot give you his direction.
PRAED—*Quince.*
24. *Ned* beholds with wondering eyes,
And feels his fond confiding banished.
MRS. OSGOOD.
25. *Spencer* is the name,
'Tis rumored round, thy better days have known.
R. H. DANA.
26. Poor crazy *Robert*, his hair has turned gray,
His beard has grown long, and hangs down to his
breast!
JANE TAYLOR.
27. I'll call him *Peter.*
King John.
28. What! is the blush already on your cheek?
You think of *Sam* I am about to speak.
29. How handsome *Frederic* is by all's confessed,
How well he looks, how fashionably dressed!
And then he loves you more than mind can guess,
Than heart conceive, or eloquence express.
CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.*

30. *George* is a youth with spirit strong and high,
With handsome face, and penetrating eye ;
O'er his broad forehead hang his locks of brown,
And give a spirit to his youthful frown.

CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.*

31. You are content to be at his command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous, chaste intents,
To love and honor *Henry* as your lord.

Henry Sixth.

32. *John*, who is figuring in the gay career
Of blooming manhood.

CHARLES LAMB—*John Woodvil.*

33. He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a',
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' *Robin*.

BURNS.

34. Why make so much ado about it then?
It is a common name—they call him *Ben*.

35. His simple truths does *Andrew* glean
Beside the babbling rills ;
A careful student he has been,
Among the woods and hills.

WORDSWORTH.

36. Of waistcoats *Harry* has no lack,
Good dapple gray, and linen fine ;

He has a blanket for his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

WORDSWORTH.

37. Thy *Edward* kneels, and calls upon thy name.

H. K. WHITE.

38. *Ephraim* ; a plain man,
Plain spoken, chary of his words is he.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

39. Meantime the stranger every voice employed
To ask or tell his name. Who is it? *Lloyd*.

CHURCHILL.

40. Your *William* dear
In beauty brightens, as in height he grows ;
In books and learning he finds no compeer.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

41. Of *Henry's* worth you speak
With eager warmth, and sparkling eye.

MRS. OPIE.

42. *Pat* is the urchin's name, a red-haired youth.

HORACE AND J. SMITH.

43. *Albert* fondly came, and bright
Shone the sparkling gift he wore,
But more fair her smile of light
Who that gift of fondness bore.

DR. BROWN.

44. When *Frederic* comes, the kind old ladies smile,
A nice young man who comes with unsoiled feet.

CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.*

45. *Joseph*, the worthy son of worthy sire,
Who well repays his pious parent's care,
To train him in the ways of virtue fair,
And early with the love of truth inspire.

THOMAS EDWARDS.

46. Young *Edwin* lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening.

BEATTIE—*Minstrel.*

47. Long-armed *John*, with moist and smutty brow.

R. H. DANA.

48. No more your long-lost *Arthur* you bewail.

GRAY—*The Bard.*

49. *Thomas*, why to sea? You look too slim
For that rough work.

CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.*

50. *Smith*, the genteel, the airy and the neat.

CHURCHILL.

51. The sweet-brier oped its pink-eyed rose,
And gave its fragrance to the gale;
Though modest flowers their sweets disclose,
More sweet was *Henry's* earnest tale.

BLOOMFIELD.

52. Here's to thee, *Dick*, this whining love despise.

COWLEY.

53. *Oliver* seems to thee a creature
 Less of this earth than of celestial nature.
 R. SOUTHEY—*Oliver Newman*.
54. Dear honest-hearted canty *Charlie*,
 To whom you'd trust baith late and early.
 HECTOR MACNIEL.
55. Twice in the week come letters, and delight
 Beams in the eye of *Richard*, at the sight,
 Letters of love all full, and running o'er,
 The paper filled, till it can hold no more,
 Crossed with discolored ink, the doublings full.
 CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall*.
56. Oh, *Eugene* !
 What will this dim world be to her Eugene,
 If wanting thy bright soul, the life of all !
 MRS. HEMANS—*Scenes of Life*.
57. How now, ambitious *Humphry*—what means this ?
 Henry Sixth.
58. It's true you loo' *Johnie*, he's gude an' he's bonnie,
 But waes me, ye ken he has nothing ava.
 HECTOR MACNIEL.

THE PROFESSION OR OCCUPATION OF YOUR LOVER.

A smith at the loom, and a weaver at the forge, were but sorry
craftsmen ;

And a ship that saileth on every wind never shall reach her
port :

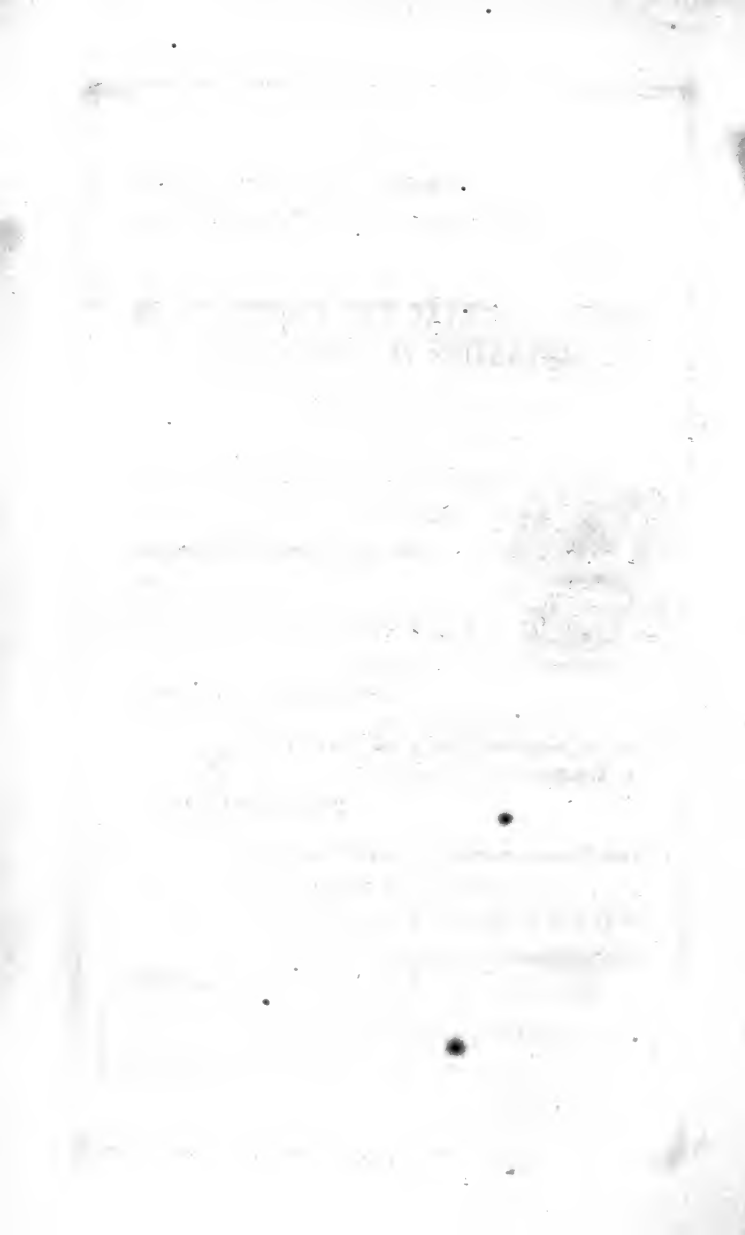
Yet there be thousands among men who heed not the leaning
of their talents,

But, cutting against the grain, toil on to no good end ;

And the light of a thoughtful spirit is quenched beneath the
bushel of commerce,

While meaner plodding minds are driven up the mountain of
philosophy.

TUPPER—*Proverbial Philosophy.*



SHALL I DECLARE THE PROFESSION OR
OCCUPATION OF YOUR LOVER?



FIRE-SIDE *Philanthropist*, great at
the pen.

GERALD GRIFFIN—*Irish Ballads*.

2. He is a *Tailor*, madam,
That holds intelligence with foreign
courts.

JAMES SHIRLEY—*The Sisters*.

3. Brave, generous, rich in all the qualities
Of *Soldier*, citizen, and friend.

BYRON—*Doge of Venice*.

4. The *Patriot* passion he shall strongly feel,
Ardent, and glowing with undaunted zeal;
With lips of fire shall plead his country's cause,
And vindicate the majesty of laws.

MRS. BARBAULD—*The Invitation*.

5. The good old man with some anxiety,
Then asked how fate, his future course would
mark?

The sprite replied, "The infant first will be
Boots at an inn, then printer, then a *Clerk*."

BERANGER.

6. To farming solely by a passion led,
Or by a fashion ; curious in his land,
Now planning much, now changing what he's planned,
Pleased by each trial, not by failures vexed,
And ever certain to succeed the next ;
Quick to resolve, and easy to persuade,
He is a gentleman a *Farmer* made.

CRABBE—*The Borough*.

7. A *Poet*, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages' books.

WORDSWORTH.

8. By fortune's wild caprice,
First doomed to be a *Lawyer*, and next thrust
Into the full accoutrements of war,
And *regimental* lace.

JOHN MOULTRIE—*The Dream of Life*.

9. He'll keep
A retail dry-goods shop in —— Street,
And nurse his little earnings sure, though slow ;
'Till having mustered wherewithal to meet
The gaze of the great world, he'll breathe the air
Of —— Street, and "set up" in —— Square.

HALLECK—*Fanny*.

10. A shrewd and sound *Divine*,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror.

PRAED—*The Vicar.*

11. Beautified,
With goodly shape, and by his own report
A *Linguist*.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

12. Lo, that small office! there the incautious guest
Goes blindfold in, and that maintains the rest;
There in his web the observant spider lies,
And peers about for fat intruding flies.

CRABBE—*The Borough.*

13. There is none like him in this wide world,
To speak of *Physic*, and of *Surgery*.

CHAUCER.

14. A *Merchant* of great traffic through the world.

Taming of the Shrew.

15. 'Tis his to fill with gas the huge baloon of *Party*.

HALLECK—*Fanny.*

16. A *Botanist*, within whose province fall
The cedar, and the hyssop on the wall,
And all that decks the lanes, the fields, the bowers.

COWPER.

17. He's busy in the *Cotton trade*,
And *Sugar line*.

HALLECK.

18. I do remember an *Apothecary*,
And hereabout he dwells!

Romeo and Juliet.

19. A man, who in the *Senate-house*
Watchful, unhired, unbribed, and uncorrupt,
And party only to the common weal,
In virtue's awful eye, pleads for the right
With truth so clear, with argument so strong,
With action so sincere, and tone so loud
And deep, as makes the despot quake.

POLLOCK—*Course of Time.*

20. Physic and law were both in turn proposed,
He weighed them nicely, and with *Physic* closed.

CRABBE.

21. He will forge vast railways, and will heat
The hissing rivers into steam.

BRYANT.

22. A *Soldier*, statesman.

Winter's Tale.

23. He will be *Schoolmaster*, and undertake the teaching
of the maid.

Taming of the Shrew.

24. The reverend reader of the text divine ;
God's sacred messenger, man's earthly guide,
Whose own pure life like crystal sand doth glide.

R. M. CHARLTON. °

25. He is a very perfect *Practiser*;
 The cause once known and root of the disease,
 Anon he'll place the sick man at his ease.
 CHAUCER.
26. A peaceful man
 Is he, and bred a *Manufacturer*.
 JOHN MOULTRIE.
27. He is a *Trustee* of a Savings Bank.
 HALLECK—*Fanny*.
28. He writes too, in a quiet way,
 Small treatises and smaller verses ;
 And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
 And hints to noble lords and nurses.
 PRAED—*The Vicar*.
29. To shine in *Science* o'er the sons of men ;
 Each varying plant, each tortuous root to know,
 How latent pests from lucid waters flow,
 All the deep bosom of the air contains,
 Fire's parent strength, and earth's prolific veins.
 LANDOR.
30. He will, having both the key
 Of *Officer* and *office*, set all hearts in the State
 To what tune please his ear.
 TEMPEST.
31. The *Worker* he,
 The builder up of things, and of himself.
 HORNE—*Orion*.

32. A man of *Law*, a man of peace,
To frame a contract or a lease.

CRABBE.

33. All the wealth he has
Runs in his veins. He is a *Gentleman*.
Merchant of Venice.

34. Conning o'er his daily sales,
With eager eye and scent, upon the watch
Not to be overbargained.

W. G. SIMMS.

35. A *Laborer*, whose only care
His daily food is to prepare.

Pierre de Ronsard.

36. A potent *Quack* long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills.

CRABBE.

37. A *Statesman*, in the van
Of public business trained and bred.

WORDSWORTH.

38. He will be forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud.

BRYANT.

39. He makes acquaintanceship with *plants* and *flowers*,
And happy grows in telling all their names.

POLLOK.

40. A *Clerk*,

By coming patronage beguiled and vexed.

WORDSWORTH.

41. *Ambassador for Christ*, —, honored in the English Church among her theologians.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

42. A *Dean*,

Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic.

PRAED.

43. A man

Exalted by the people to the throne
Of government, established on the base
Of justice, liberty, and equal right.

POLLOK.

44. He has been tempted to intrust
His expectations to the fickle winds,
And perilous waters,—with the mariners
A fellow *Mariner*.

WORDSWORTH.

45. Graceful he'll tread *the Stage*, and be in turn
The prince we honor, and the knave we spurn ;
Bravely to bear the tumult of the crowd,
The hiss tremendous, and the censure loud,
A cheerful look assume, and play the part
Of happy rover, with repining heart :
Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain

Of tragic woe, feel spirits light and vain,
 Distress and hope—the mind's, the body's wear,
 The man's affliction, and the actor's tear.

CRABBE—*The Borough.*

46. There stands the *Messenger of Truth*, there stands
 The legate of the skies ! his theme divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear !

COWPER.

47. An anxious city seeks and finds him,
 In a blessed day of joy and pride,
 Sceptres his jewelled hand, and crowns him
 Her chief, her guardian, and her guide.

HALLECK.

48. His limbs are strong, his shoulders broad,
 His hands were made to plough,—
 He's rough without, but sound within,
 His heart is bauldly true.
 He toils at e'en, he toils at morn,
 His work is never through,
 A coming life of weary toil
 Is ever in his view.
 But on he trudges, keeping aye
 A stout heart to the brae,—
 And proud to be an honest man,
 Until his dying day.

NICOLL.

49. A *Poet*, broadly spreading
 The golden immortalities
 Of his own soul on natures lorn
 And poor of such; beneath his treading,
 Earth's flowers being streaked with hues of Eden,
 And stars drawn downward by his looks
 To shine more clearly in his books.

ELIZ. B. BARRETT.

50. Cunning in *Greck, Latin*, and other languages.
Taming of the Shrew.

51. He will *make mighty engines* swim the sea,
 Like its own monsters.

BRYANT.

52. He will launch his bark
 On the distempered flood of *Public life*.

WORDSWORTH.

53. Cunning in *Music*.

Taming of the Shrew.

His daily task to guide the laboring steer,
 Plant the low shrub, remove the unsightly mound,
 Or nurse the flower, or tend the humming swarm;
 So in his breast content and health shall dwell,
 And conscious bliss, and love of nature's charm.

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

54. A Messenger, commissioned to announce
 The resurrection, and the life to come.

GRAHAME.

Far from the muses' Academic grove,
 'Tis his the vast and trackless deep to rove,
 Alternate change of climate must be known,
 And felt the fierce extremes of either zone.

FALCONER.

55. A wise *Judge* by the craft of the law ne'er seduced
 from its purpose.

SOUTHEY.

56. He sits,
 Month after month, devising *impost laws* ;
 And gives some portion of his midnight vigils
 To mitigate, if not remove all wrong.

GRAHAME.

57. Learning grows
 Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant.

COWPER.

58. A skilful workman he
 In God's great *moral* vineyard, what to prune
 With cautious hand he knows, what to uproot.

POLLOK.

59. Lo on that cushion where he sits sublime
 (His woolsack now) the future *Chancellor* !

CAROLINE BOWLES.

60. He'll stand
 With *Auctioneering* hammer in his hand,

Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice
For the old household stuff, or picture's price!

DRYDEN.

61. With a fair bride most rich in gifts of mind,
Nor sparingly endowed with worldly wealth,
His Office he'll relinquish, and retire
From the world's notice to a rural home.

WORDSWORTH—*Excursion*.

62. Under a spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands ;
The *Smith* a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

LONGFELLOW.

63. A *Sculptor* born to elevate his art,
And loving it with fervor, such as burned
In old Pygmalion's spirit, when he yearned
For the sweet image that his hands had made.

MACKAY—*Voices from the Mountains*.

64. Certainly a gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names.

Winter's Tale.

65. A *Coaster*, skilled in fishing and in ships.

HORNE—*Orion*.

A good man of religion, do I see,
And a poor *Parson* of a town is he;
But rich he is of holy thought and work.

CHAUCER.

66. A *Student* he from Cambridge, and in truth
He is a sober and a comely youth;
Blushes in meekness, as a modest man.

CRABBE.

67. A right good constant *Laboring Man* is he,
Living in peace, and perfect charity.
He threshes, maketh dykes, or plants, or fells.

CHAUCER.

68. An *Author-Rector* whose delight
Is all in books, to read them or to write.

CRABBE.

69. A *Soldier*, and of very valiant proof.

All's Well, that ends Well.

70. A *Merchant*, but so bounteous,
Valiant, wise, learned, all so absolute,
That nought is valued praiseful excellent,
But in't is he most praiseful excellent.

JOHN MARSTON—*What You Will.*

71. A man of consequence and notoriety,
His name, with the addition of *esquire*,
Stands high upon the list of each society,
Whose zeal and watchfulness the sacred fire

Of science, agriculture, art and learning,
Keep on their country's altars bright and burning.

HALLECK.

72. A *Statesman* whose clean palm will kiss no bribe,
Whate'er it be.

E. B. BARRETT.

73. Yesterday a cow-keeper, and to day a *Gentleman*.
LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student*.

74. A grave *Philosopher*, he wheels about
His system to the crowd, then wheels it out
And shoves another in.

R. H. DANA.

75. A *Barber* he—and well appeared
His handicraft, for when
A foeman's beard he shortly sheared
It never grew again.

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde*.

76. *Flavius*. You Sir, what trade are you?
Citizen. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a
safe conscience, which is indeed Sir, a mender of
bad soles.

Julius Cæsar.

77. A *Philosopher*,
By whose voice the earth and skies
Shall speak to the unborn.

E. B. BARRETT.

78. A smart young *Cornet*, who with grace
Rides in the ranks.

CRAEBBE.

79. He is a *Traveller*, and knows men and manners.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

80. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A *Merchant* of incomparable wealth.

Taming of the Shrew.

81. A *Preacher*, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own.

COWPER.

82. In youth a good trade practised well has he,
And is a clever hand at *Carpentry*.

CHAUCER.

83. Heaven placed him here to *vote* and *trade*,
Twin tasks divine!

HALLECK.

84. A village *Schoolmaster* is he,
With hair of glittering gray;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a Spring holiday.

WORDSWORTH.

85. A true *Laborer*; he earns that he eats, gets that he
wears, owes no man hate, envies no man's happiness,
glad of other men's good, content with his
own harm.

As You Like It.

86. He with pocket-hammer smites the edge
Of every luckless rock, or stone, that stands
Before his sight, by weather-stains disguised,
Or crusted o'er with vegetation thin,
Nature's first growth ; detaching by the stroke,
A chip or splinter, to resolve his doubts.

WORDSWORTH.

87. A *Sailor's* jacket on his limbs is thrown,
A sailor's story he has made his own.

CRABBE.

88. He is turned *Orthographer* ;—his words are a very
fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.

Much Ado about Nothing.

89. *Gracing a College*, he is honored, loved,
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.

COWPER—*Task*.

90. A wise fellow, and what is more, an *Officer*.

Much Ado about Nothing.

91. I see *Lord Mayor* written on his forehead !

MASSINGER.

92. He, grave in childhood, on the soul shall shower
The *Gospel* dew, with renovating power ;
Sublime instruction from his lips shall flow,
And Mercy's antidote for sin and woe.

ELLIOTT.

93. Though but young,
Yet old in judgment ; theoretic and practice

In all humanity, and to increase the wonder,
Religious, yet a *Soldier*.

MASSINGER AND FIELD—*The Fatal Dowry*.

94. He in *Courts* presides
Among their worships, whom his judgment guides.

CRABBE.

95. This is the *Sargeant*,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought.

Macbeth.

96. *Universities* will heap upon him honors.

HOWITT.

97. His calling laid aside he'll live at ease.

WORDSWORTH.

98. He is a *Mariner*, who ploughs the deep,
When wild winds wail, and boiling billows foam ;
Who knows the blessed value of a friend,
A friend, who shares his dangers and his toils ;
The same in sunshine, darkness, calm, or storm ;
Heart locked in heart, soul blended into soul.

TILLERY.

99. A youth
Retired in voluntary loneliness,
In reverie extravagant now wrapped,
Or, peering now on book of ancient date
With filial awe, and dipping oft his pen
To write immortal things.

POLLOCK—*Course of Time*.

100. A poor squire of the country, and *Justice of the Peace*.

Henry Fourth.

101. A frugal *Merchant*, who began
Early to thrive, and grew a wealthy man.

CRABBE.

102. A *Footman*, sweet sir, a footman.

Winter's Tale.

103. Dear to the muse, but pleased with lowly fame,
He gains by private arts an humbler name.

TASSO—*Jerusalem Delivered.*

104. A *Lawyer* then, a writer in strange parchments.

MRS. DOWNING—*Satan in Love.*

105. Ha! a *Poet*, know him by
The ecstasy-dilated eye!
Aye, in every time or place,
Ye may know the poet's face,
By the shade or shining!

E. B. BARRETT.

106. To his tongue shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of heaven.

CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.*

He is a perfect knowledge-box—
An oracle to great and sma'!
And fifty *law-pleas* he has lost,
He is sae weel acquaint wi' law.

NICOLL.

- CRABBE.

TEMPEST.

STATE OF YOUR AFFECTIONS.

I do not bid thee take him or refuse him,
I only say, think twice.

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

ARMADO. Comfort me, my boy. What great men have been in love?

MOTH. Hercules, master.

ARMADO. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and sweet, my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

MOTH. Samson, master. He was a man of good carriage, great carriage. For he carried the town gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Love's Labor Lost.

LAUNCE. He lives not now who knows me to be in love. Yet I am in love, but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.



WHAT IS THE STATE OF YOUR AFFECTIONS?



HY heart is like an untouched lyre,
Silent as death :—let the trembling
wire,
The hand that knows its spirit feel,
And list, what melting murmurs
steal!

JOHN WILSON—*Isle of Palms.*

2. You never felt
 The agonizing sense
Of seeing love from passion melt
 Into indifference ;
The fearful shame, that day by day
 Burns onward, still to burn ;
To have thrown your precious heart away,
 And met this black return.

MILNES—*The Lay of the Humble.*

3. There is a wound within thee, 'tis a wound
 That lies too deep for tears, and many awhile,
 When all that is around thee seems to smile,

Within thy heart of hearts a knell doth sound,
Not of this world.

ISAAC WILLIAMS—*Thoughts in past Years.*

4. MAN. You yearn to tell her, and yet have no one
Great heart's-word that will tell her.

BROWNING—*The Return of the Druses.*

4. LADY. If you can
Find any gentle passion in your soul
To entertain his thought, no doubt his heart,
Though sad, retains a noble will to meet it.
His love is firm to you, and cannot be
Unrooted by one storm.

JAMES SHIRLEY—*The Coronation.*

5. Your heart's yet free,
From Love's uneasy sovereignty,
Beats with a fancy running high.

SILLERY.

6. MAN. Yet cannot you with many a dropping tear
And long entreaty, soften her hard heart,
Nor will she once vouchsafe your plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on your painful smart.
But when you plead, she bids you play your part ;
And when you weep, she says, tears are but water ;
And when you sigh, she says you know the art ;
And when you wail, she turns herself to laugh-
ter.

SPENSER—*Sonnets.*

6. LADY. He was the glory of your thoughts, and you
Loved him.——

Reason and duty since
Formed him to other knowledge, and you now
Look on him without love.

JAMES SHIRLEY—*The Coronation.*

7. You no sooner met than you looked ; no sooner looked
but you loved ; no sooner loved but you sighed ; no
sooner sighed but you asked one another the rea-
son ; no sooner knew the reason, but you sought the
remedy ; and in these degrees have you made a
pair of stairs to the marriage.

As You Like It.

8. A love-spell upon your very being lies,
Whose many mystic links may not be riven.

Poems by Amelia.

9. MAN. When you have
The happiness to speak with *one* alone,
There is so much sweetness in her, such a troop
Of graces waiting on her words and actions,
You love her infinitely, and think it blessing
To see her smile ; but when the *t'other* comes
In presence, in her eye she brings a charm
To make you dote on her : you are divided,
And like the trembling needle of a dial
Your heart's afraid to answer.

JAMES SHIRLEY—*Love in a Maze.*

9. LADY. Proud beauty, they tell me 'tis love
 That kindles the fire of thine eye,
 And when did affection e'er prove
 A passion so towering and high?
 It is not—it cannot be love,
 Affection is lowly and deep;
 All groundless suspicion above,
 It knows but to trust and to weep.

MRS. ELLIS.

10. Your bosom is a soft retreat
 For love, and love alone;
 And yet your heart has never beat
 To love's delicious tone.
 It dwells within its circle, free
 From tender thoughts like these,
 Waiting the little deity
 As blossom waits the breeze,
 Before it throws its leaves apart,
 And trembles like the love-touched heart.

Poems by Amelia.

11. You do love, and it hath taught you to rhyme, and
 be melancholy.

Love's Labor Lost.

12. MAN. You are in love with an ideal;
 A creature of your own imagination,
 A child of air, an echo of your heart;
 And like a lily on the river floating,
 She floats upon the river of your thought.

LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.*

12. LADY. You think of him,—the forehead fair,
The ruddy lip, and glossy hair,
The fairy tale he loves to tell,
The serenade he sings so well.

PRAED—*The Troubadour.*

13. Young love's first dream,
A dream indeed unreal, shadowy, brief,
Is done and ended, and your heart so far
Not much the worse for wear.

JOHN HOME.—*The Dream of Life.*

14. You love each other, but perchance
The murmurs of dissent may rise ;
Fierce words may chase the tender glance,
And angry flashes light your eyes.

ELIZA COOK.

15. MAN. You've flung your line,
But compromised you are not ; no, nor will be,
Till it be seen if yet your suit will thrive
With yon fair frozen dew-drop.

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

15. LADY. Ponder well
What you shall say, for if it must be no
In substance, you shall hardly find that form
Which shall convey it pleasantly.

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

16. MAN. Ere you had measured six feet ten,
Or bought Havanas by the dozen,

You fell in love as many do—

She was an angel—hem—your cousin.

PRAED.

16. LADY. You are a woman, and your heart

Like your tiara's brightest jewel,

Cold—hard—till kindled by some art,

Then quenchless burns—itsself its fuel.

PRAED.

17. If hitherto you have not said you loved,

Yet hath the heart of each declared its love,

By all the tokens wherein love delights.

You heretofore have trusted in each other,

Too fully have you trusted, to have need

Of words or vows, pledges or protestations!

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

18. To be beloved is all you need,

And when you love you love indeed.

COLERIDGE—*Pains of Sleep.*

19. MAN. You were wont when you laughed, to crow
like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of
the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after
dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of
money; and now you are metamorphosed with a
mistress, that when I look on you I can hardly
think you the same!

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

19. LADY. To mould denial to a pleasing shape

In all things, and most specially in love,

Is a hard task ; alas ! you have not wit
 From such a sharp and waspish word as “no,”
 To pluck the sting.

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

20. *Slender.* If there be no great love in the beginning,
 yet heaven may decrease it on a better acquaint-
 ance, when you are married, and have more occa-
 sion to know one another. I hope upon familiarity,
 will grow more contempt.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

21. MAN. You loved her once, when every thought of
 yours,
 Was hope and joy ; and now you love her still,
 In sorrow and despair : a hopeless will
 From its lone purpose never can decline.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

21. LADY. There was a time when bliss
 Shone o'er thy heart, from every look of his ;
 When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
 In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer ;
 When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
 Whate'er he did none ever did so well :
 Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
 E'er beamed before,—but ah ! not bright for thee !

MOORE—*Lalla Rookh.*

22. A grief without a pang—void, dark and drear,
 A stifled, shadowy, unimpassioned grief,

Which finds no natural outlet, no relief
In word, or sigh, or tear.

S. T. COLERIDGE—*Dejection*.

23. Now you are fixed all day, and now are fain
To rise and move, then sigh, then sit again,
Then try some work, forget it, and think on,
Wishing with perfect love that time were gone ;
And lost to the green trees, with their sweet singers,
Tap on the casement-ledge with idle fingers.

LEIGH HUNT—*Rimini*.

24. MAN. Again and once again, do you repeat the
song,
Nay, say you more than half to the damsel must
belong ;
For she looks with such a look, and she speaks with
such a tone,
That you almost receive her heart into your own.

WORDSWORTH.

24. LADY. There is a youth whom you have loved so
long,
That when you loved him not you cannot say ;
When you began to tire of childish play,
You seemed still more and more to prize each other ;
You talked of marriage, and your marriage day,
And you in truth do love him like a brother,
For never do you hope to meet with such another.

WORDSWORTH.

25. MAN. All your thoughts
 Are to please her, and all your wanderings
 To pluck sweet flowers for her,——
 To rove through sunny valleys by her side;
 Your joys are hers.

SILLERY.

25. LADY. You love him still but holily
 Even as a sister, or a spirit might.

SHELLEY—*The Cenci*.

26. Rather with Grief than Friendship wouldst thou
 dwell,
 Because Love smiles no more!
 Bent down by culling bitter herbs, to swell
 A caldron that runs o'er.

LANDOR—*Pericles and Aspasia*.

27. The tie so firmly bound,
 Is torn asunder now;
 How deep that sudden wrench may wound
 It recks not to avow.

THOMAS DALE.

28. MAN. They said that she had faithless grown,
 That gold had wiled her love frae thee;
 But thy fond heart was constant still,
 An' thought that false she could na' be.
 It thought that truth and constancy,
 Within her bosom dwellers were;—

Thy love nae ill of her could think,—
And is she then sae fause an' fair?

NICOLL.

28. LADY. Your love has perished, like the sound that
dies

And leaves no echo ;—like the eastern day
That has no twilight ;—like the lonely flower,
Hung forth to wither on the wind, that wastes
Even its perfume.

T. K. HERVEY.

29. Let them ne'er say that you are false at heart,
Though absence seem your flame to qualify ;
As easy might you from yourself depart,
As from the soul, in which your breast doth lie.
That is your home of love ; if you have ranged
Like him that travels, you return again.

SHAKESPEARE—*Sonnets*.

30. They seem to those who see them meet,
The worldly friends of every day ;
Her smile is undisturbed and sweet,
His courtesy is free and gay ;
Yet, if by one the other's name,
Should in some careless hour be heard,
The heart we thought so calm and tame,
Will struggle like a captive bird.

MILNES.

31. No jealousy your dawn of love o'ercasts.

BEATTIE.

32. MAN. Adventurous you *have* been, it is true,
 And your fool-hardy heart would brave, nay court,
 In other days, an enterprise of passion ;
 Yea, like a witch would whistle for a whirlwind ;
 But you have been admonished, painful years
 Have tamed and taught you.

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

32. LADY. You'll follow him through sunshine and
 through storm,
 You will be with him in his weal and woe ;
 In his afflictions, should they fall upon him ;
 In his temptations, when bad men beset him ;
 In all the perils which may press around him,
 And should they crush him—in the hour of death !

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

33. MAN. Your love is like most other loves,
 A little glow, a little shiver,
 A rose-bud and a pair of gloves,
 And "Fly not yet" upon the river.
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
 A miniature, a lock of hair,
 The usual vows, ———

PRAED—*Belle of the Ball.*

33. LADY. A love-spell upon your being lies,
 Whose many mystic links may not be broken.

Poems by Amelia.

34. Ardent in its early tie,
Faithful to its latest sigh.

ELIZA COOK.

35. MAN. Doth she not watch o'er thine every endeavor?

Leans not her heart in warm faith on thine own?
If thou sit doubting and dreaming forever,
Too late thou'lt discover that her dream is flown.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

35. LADY. Your love is not a fading earthly flower;
Its winged seed dropped down from Paradise,
And nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
Doth momentarily to fresher beauty rise.

JAMES LOWELL.

36. Uneasy now becomes perforce
The inevitable intercourse,
Too grateful heretofore:
Each in the other can descry
The tone constrain'd, the alter'd eye,
They know that each to each can seem
No longer as of yore;
And yet, while thus estranged, I deem
Each love the other more.
Hers is perhaps the saddest heart;
His the more forced and painful part.

SOUTHEY—*Oliver Newman.*

37. MAN. Your soul is an enchanted boat,
Which like a sleeping swan doth float
Upon the waves of *her* sweet singing.

SHELLEY—*Prometheus Unbound*.

37. LADY. One has stirred within your breast,
That quick and sudden interest,
Which is not easily suppressed.

ELIZA COOK—*Melaia*.

38. MAN. You love her, love her certes,
As you love all heavenly objects with uplifted eyes
and hands,
As you love pure inspiration—love the graces—love
the virtues,
In a love content with writing its own name on des-
ert sands.

E. B. BARRETT.

38. LADY. Thine is the mournful joy, that in the dawn
Of early love upon the spirit broods ;
Till the young heart, grown timid as a fawn,
Seeks the still star-light, and the shadowy woods.

Poems by Amelia.

39. Think'st thou, that I could see the lily's leaves
Floating like living things upon the wave,
And guess not that the tide did move them thus ?
Think'st thou, that when the rose's bloom is stirred,
I know not that the breeze, with waving breath,
Is sweeping o'er its rich and blushing leaves ?

Or, when the wind-harp wakes with thrilling tones,
 I know not the same breeze, kissing its strings,
 Doth call its murmurs? Just as clear to me
 It is, that love hath touched thy soul!

C. GILMAN—*The Betrothed.*

40. MAN. You must be worthy of her love,
 For not the faintest shade
 Of all the charms that round her move,
 Within your heart can fade.
 The glances of her gentle eyes
 Are in your soul inshrined;
 Her radiant smiles, her tender sighs,
 Are treasured in your mind.

Raimond de Miraval.

40. LADY. Your love is like the snow-flakes,
 Which melt before you pass;
 Or the bubble in the cup, which breaks
 Before you lip the glass.

PRAED.

41. You turn aside
 Your face from all humanity, or behold it,
 Without emotion, like some sea-shelled thing
 Staring around from a green hollowed rock,
 Not aiding, loving, caring, hoping aught.

HORNE—*Orion.*

42. The deepest sorrow that stern Fate can bring,
 In all her catalogue of suffering:

An eating rust—the spirit's direst pain—
 To love, adore, and be beloved again,
 To know between you lies a gulf, that ever
 Your forms, your hopes, your destinies must sever.

MRS. LEWIS—*Records of the Heart.*

43. There is a dear and precious flower
 Ingrafted in your bosom's core,
 Which makes your home an Eden bower,
 And brings a doubt if heaven has more.

ELIZA COOK.

44. MAN. Never gazed the moon
 Upon the water as you'll stand and read
 As 'twere her eyes.

Winter's Tale.

44. LADY. Your mind is filled with beauty, and your
 heart—
 With joy? Not joy——
 It is not sorrow; yet almost subdues
 Your soul to tears, it saddens while it woos.
 Your spirit breathes of love.

R. H. DANA.

45. Sometimes you are as hopeful as the Spring,
 And up your fluttering heart is borne aloft,
 As high and gladsome as the lark at sunrise;
 And then, as though the fowler's shaft had pierced it,
 It comes plumb down with such a dead, dead fall!

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

46. Yours is the love that only lives

While the cheek is fresh and red,
Yours is love that only thrives
Where the pleasure feast is spread ;
It burneth sweet and strong,
And it sings a merry theme,
But the incense and the song
Pass like flies upon the stream.

ELIZA COOK.

47. Yours is love that keeps

A constant watch-fire light,
With a flame that never sleeps
Through the darkest winter night.

ELIZA COOK.

48. Silence eloquent, when heart

With heart holds speech, and your mysterious frames
Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat
Touch the soft notes of love.

R. H. DANA.

49. Often when beaming eyes are nigh,

And beauty's lips are smiling,
And bird-like tones are breathing round
The fevered sense beguiling ;
You feel this is not what you seek,—
The soul such mockery spurns,
And evermore with aching zeal
For one, *one* being years.

MRS. SEBA SMITH—*Sinless Child*.

50. Within your tender and once tortured heart
 Doubts gather strength from habit, like disease ;
 Fears like the needle verging to the pole
 Tremble, and tremble into certainty.

LANDOR—*Gebir*.

51. MAN. Never wedding, ever wooing,
 Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
 Read you not the wrong you're doing
 In her cheek's pale hue ?
 All her life with sorrow strewing,
 Wed, or cease to woo !

CAMPBELL.

51. LADY. Your heart is frozen up, nor can warm
 prayers,
 Thaw it to any softness.

JAMES SHIRLEY—*The Coronation*.

52. You know you love in vain, strive against hope ;
 Yet in this captious and intenable sieve,
 You still pour in the waters of your love,
 And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian like,
 Religious in your error, you adore
 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
 But knows of him no more.

All's Well that ends Well.

53. So inconsistent still is love !
 You writhe beneath a piercing smart,

Yet shun the hand that would remove
With pious care the rankling smart.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—*Convent Bell*.

54. Thou know'st not the meekness of love,
How it suffers, and yet can be still ;
How the calm on its surface may prove
What sorrow the bosom may fill.
No, thine is a transient shock
Of feeling, less tender and kind ;
Like the dash of the wave on the rock,
It leaves not a vestige behind.

MRS. ELLIS.

55. MAN. You are now sailed into the North of your
lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle
on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it
by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy.

Twelfth Night.

55. LADY. Gone—out of your keeping !
Lost—past recovery, right and title to it,
And all given up ! And he that's owner on't,
Is fit to wear it ; were it fifty hearts
You'd give it to him all !

KNOWLES—*The Hunchback*.

56. It is not absence you should dread,
For absence is the very air
In which, if sound at root, the heart
Shall wave most wonderful and fair !

MILNES—*The Book of Friendship*.

57. A young fresh heart, one
That Cupid has not toyed with, and a warm one,
Fresh, young, and warm!

KNOWLES—*The Hunchback.*

58. MAN. You have a kindred being sought,
Have searched with restless care
For that true, earnest woman-soul,
Among the bright and fair.—
You may not rest, you feel for you
One such your God creates,
Whose maiden soul in quietude
On your call meekly waits.

MRS. SEBA SMITH—*The Sinless Child.*

58. LADY. Your eye is moist—yet that may be for pity;
Your hand doth tremble,—that may be for fear;
Your cheek is covered o'er with blushes,
Oh what can that be for?

KNOWLES—*Virginus.*

59. You forsooth in love! you that have been love's
whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
The senior-junior, giant-dwarf, dan Cupid?
—— Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid doth impose for your neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful little might!

Love's Labor Lost.

60. I see them sitting by each other's side
 In the heart's silent secrecy! I hear
 The breath of meditation from their souls;
 They speak; a soft subduing tenderness,
 Born of devotion, innocence, and bliss,
 Steals from their bosoms in a silver voice,
 That makes a pious hymning melody.

JOHN WILSON.

61. A new life, like a young sunrise, breaks
 On the strange unrest of the night.

BROWNING—*A Blot on the Scutcheon.*

62. You will do penance for contemning love,
 Whose high imperious thoughts will punish you
 With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
 With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
 For in revenge of your contempt of love,
 Love will chase sleep from your enthralled eyes,
 And make them watchers of your own heart's sorrow.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

63. You love—you never told me so;
 I never asked—I could not doubt it;
 For there are signs on cheek and brow;
 And asking! Love is known without it!

PRAED.

64. You have not been hit
 By Cupid's arrow, you have Dian's wit,
 From love's weak, childish bow you live unharmed;

You will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes.

Romeo and Juliet.

65. The world has lost its bright illusions. One by one
The masks have gone; the lights burnt out:
The music dropped into silence, and you stand alone
In the dark halls, and hear no sound of life,
Save the monotonous beating of your heart.

LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.*

66. Interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; you
have seemed to be together though absent; embraced,
as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.

Winter's Tale.

67. A constant impulse, hidden in sweet smiles,
And perfect love, that thinks not of itself;
Constant, contented, sphered beyond fresh hopes.

HOME—*Orion.*

68. Matched with one
If not in genius yet in sympathy;
Each reverencing what the other reverences, each
Still loving what the other loves;
Your hopes, your aspirations, your desires,
Your plans and projects for the year to come,
Akin, if not identical.

JOHN HOME—*The Dream of Life.*

69. MAN. You love pretty women with a poet's feeling,
And when a boy, in day dream, and in song,

Have knelt you down, and worshipped them, alas!
They never thanked you for't—but let that pass.

HALLECK—*Fanny*.

69. LADY. Sister, since I met thee last,
On thy brow a change hath past;
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still, a shadow lies;
From thy voice there thrills a tone,
Never to thy childhood known;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved,
Gentle sister, thou hast loved!

HEMANS.

70. Within that heavy heart of thine,
Love's thrilling pulse is ever leaping;
So ebbs and flows the eternal brine,
Though winds lie calm, and earth is sleeping!
And o'er the gloom thy soul which shrouds,
Hope like a star her watch is keeping;
So sits the Iris mid the clouds,
And all the landscape smiles—though weeping.

SILLERY.

71. Rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane
Be shook to air.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

72. Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;

And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

COLERIDGE—*Genevieve*.

73. How shall we name
Thy passion—ice-pure, self-entire, exacting
All worship, for a limited return?

HORNE—*Orion*.

74. Once did you weep and groan,
 Drink tears, draw loathed breath,
And all for love of one,
 Who did affect your death.
But now, thanks to disdain,
You live relieved of pain,
For sighs you singing go,
You burn not as before,—no, no, no, no!

DRUMMOND.

75. MAN. Were you crowned the most imperial monarch,
 Thereof most worthy; were you the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
 More than was ever man's, you would not prize them
Without *her* love.

Winter's Tale.

75. LADY. When *he* is absent you are full of thought,
And fruitful in expression inwardly,
And fresh, and free, and cordial is the flow

Of your ideal and unheard discourse,
 Calling him in your heart endearing names,
 Familiarly fearless. But, alas!
 No sooner is he present, than your thoughts
 Are breathless, and bewitched, and stunted so
 In force and freedom, that you ask yourself
 Whether you think at all, or feel, or live,
 So senseless are you!

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*

76. MAN. Two ladies on the summit of your mind
 Their station take to hold discourse of love :
 Virtue and courtesy adorn the one,
 With modesty and prudence in her train ;
 Beauty and lively elegance the other,
 With every winning grace to do her honor.
 And you, thanks to your sweet and sovereign lord,
 Enamored of the two, their slave remain.
 Beauty and virtue each address the mind,
 And doubts express if loyal heart can rest
 Between the two, in perfect love divided.
 The fountain of true eloquence replies,
 Both may be loved ; Beauty to yield delight,
 And Virtue to excite to generous deeds.

DANTE.

76. LADY. That life may be more comfortable yet,
 And all your joys refined, sincere, and great,
 You'll love two friends, whose company will be
 A great advance to your felicity.

POMFRET.

YOUR HOME.

Oh best of all the scattered spots that lie
In sea or lake—apple of landscape's eye!
Joy, my bright waters, joy; your master's come!
Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of *Home*.

LEIGH HUNT—*Catullus*.

One small spot
Where my tired mind may rest and call it *Home*.
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit.

SOUTHEY—*Hymn to the Penates*.

Our abode—
The tabernacle of our earthly joys
And sorrows, hopes and fears,—this *Home* of ours,
Is it not pleasant?

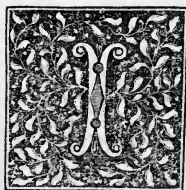
MOULTRIE—*The Dream of Life*.

“And where,” (cries some one) “is this blessed spot?
May I behold it? May I gain admittance?”
Yes, with a thought—as we do.

LEIGH HUNT.



SHALL I PREDICT WHERE OR WHAT WILL BE YOUR HOME?



SEE a small old-fashioned room,
With pannelled wainscot high ;
Old portraits round in order set,
Carved heavy tables, chairs, buffet
Of dark mahogany.
And there a high-backed, hard settee,

On six brown legs and paws,
Flowered o'er with silk embroidery ;
And there, all rough with fillagree,
Tall screens, on gilded claws.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

2. Seest thou yon lonely cottage in the grove,
With little garden neatly planned before,
Its roof deep shaded by the elms above,
Moss-grown, and decked with velvet verdure o'er ?
Go lift the willing latch,—the scene explore,—
Sweet peace, and love, and joy, thou there shalt find,
For there religion dwells, whose sacred lore
Leaves the proud wisdom of the world behind,
And pours a heavenly ray on every human mind.

D. HUNTINGTON.

3. The blushing apricot, and woolly peach
 Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach,
 And though thy walls be of the country stone,
 They're reared by no man's labor, no man's groan.

BEN. JONSON.

4. Beside you rush the waters wild,
 Loud murmuring on their way ;
 Before the door a garden smiles,
 With flowrets ever gay.

MRS. ELLIS.

5. I behold
 A square-built house, by jealous walls and gates
 (Inclosing in its front an ample court)
 Shut out, and barricaded from the street.
 A proud, aristocratic hall it seems,
 Not courting but discouraging approach,
 Save from a favored few.

JOHN MOULTRIE—*The Dream of Life*.

6. The sun lies on your door-sill, where your book
 You daily read, and fit your line and hook,
 Or shape your bow.

R. H. DANA—*The Buccancer*.

7. The tiptoe traveller peeping through the boughs,
 O'er your low wall, shall bless the pleasant house.
 That house shall be of stone, more wide than high,
 With sward up to the path, and elm-trees nigh ;
 A good old country lodge, half hid with blooms
 Of honeyed green, and quaint with straggling rooms,

A few of which, white-bedded, and well swept,
For friends, whose names endear them, shall be kept.

LEIGH HUNT.

8. In the vast city, with its peopled homes,
And hearts all full of an immortal life,
Thousands and tens of thousands beating there ;
Strangers from different lands, of every hue,
And tribe, and nation congregating there ;
Seamen, the sport of many a distant wave,
And busy merchants hurrying to and fro,
And curious travellers, with thoughtful mien ;
Grave men of wealth, and inexperienced youth,
Learning his lesson from the sordid page.

MRS. ELLIS.

9. Into a forest far they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itself into a spacious plain ;
And in the midst a little river played
Amongst the pumy stones, which seemed to 'plain
With gentle murmur, that his course they did restrain.
Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle-trees, and laurels green,
In which the birds sang many a lovely lay,
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet love's teen,
As it an earthly paradise had been ;

In whose inclosed shadows there was pight
A fair pavilion scarcely to be seen.

SPENSER.

10. Round the room are shelves of dainty lore,
And rich old pictures hang upon the walls
Where the slant light falls on them; and wrought
 gems,
Medallions, rare mosaics, and antiques
From Herculaneum, the niches fill;
And on a table of enamel, wrought
With a lost art in Italy, do lie
Prints of fair women, and engravings rare,
And a new poem, and a costly toy;
And in their midst a massive lamp of bronze
Burning sweet spices constantly.

N. P. WILLIS—*The Wife's Appeal*.

11. A cottage known to shepherd's ken,
Those who look once stay to look twice again;
Fruit-trees behind it raise a fragrant screen,
Half concealed a rivulet sings.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

12. Yes, there thou art, behind the hill,
By waving poplars circled still,
Old house! that time hath deigned to spare
Mid sunny slopes, and gardens fair.
The woodbine through the casement peeping,
The pampered cat on cushion sleeping,

The pleasant haunt with books o'erspread,
 The antique chairs, the curtained bed
 By housewife's patient needle wrought.

MRS. SIGOURNEY—*Scenes in my Native Land.*

13. At the town's end
 There is a neat and unpretending house,
 Which you approach through a low wooden gate,
 Beneath an arch of laurel; a small porch
 Of trellis-work, with odorous jassamine,
 And most luxuriant clematis intertwined,
 Shelters the expectant visitor, whose knock
 Is yet unanswered.

JOHN MOULTRIE—*The Dream of Life.*

14. Your little cottage stands
 Half hid in climbing green;
 Spreading along the jagged eaves
 And o'er its roof 'tis seen.
 Before it are a few meek flowers,
 Yet garden there is none,
 But grass with flowers, as Art at first
 His toil had then begun;
 Then shamed by Nature, fled and left
 These flowrets to her hand,
 That hence to wild flowers changing seem
 Where mid the grass they stand.

WM. W. LORD.

15. There by a brook, cowers a low edifice,
 With honeysuckled wall, and ivied roof,

A warm, safe nest, in which two mortal mice
Might slumber through existence, far aloof
From city folks, whose sickly looks give proof
That whatsoe'er is theirs, thou, Health, art not.

ELLIOTT.

16. You'll choose a grassy swale
In which your wigwam frame to make,
Sheltered by crags from northern gale,
Shaded by boughs save towards the lake.
The red-bird's nest above it swings,
The ma-ma-twa there often sings,
There too, when Spring is backward, first
Her shrinking blossoms safely burst,
And there, when Autumn's leaf is sere,
Some flowers will stay the loitering year.

C. F. HOFFMAN—*Vigil of Faith.*

17. Now doth a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all ;
Wide poured abroad behold the giddy crew,
See how they dash along from wall to wall ;
At every door, hark, how they thundering call !

THOMSON—*Castle of Indolence.*

18. No other home is thine, than where the wood
Winds her green tresses o'er the golden bank,
Under whose edge the wild brook leaps along
Like a mad courser, running to the sea.

ELLERY CHANNING.

19. Lo, a house,
An elegant villa in the Grecian style!

JOHN WILSON.

20. I see the happy murmuring rill,
The white cot bowered beneath the pastoral hill!
On April nights, there after sparkling showers
The dewy gems betray the cradled flowers,
As if some sylphid, starting from its bed,
In the rathe blossom, by the mortal's tread,
Had left behind its pearly coronal.

The New Timon.

21. Without strife
You settle to a country life,
And in a sweet retirement there,
Cherish all hope but banish fear;
Offending none, so for defence
Armed cap-a-pee with innocence.
You will dispose of your time thus,
To make it more propitious:
First your God served, you doe commend
The rest to some choice book or friend,
And that your body health comprise,
Use too some moderate exercise.

EARL OF WESTMORLAND—*My Happy Life.*

22. His castle has a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses—

The guest of Summer,

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
 By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
 Buttress, nor coigne of vantage,* but this bird,
 Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle.
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
 The air is delicate.

Macbeth.

23. Seest thou thy home? 'tis where yon woods are
 waving
 In their dark richness, to the Summer air;
 Where yon blue stream a thousand flower-banks lay-
 ing
 Leads down the hills a vein of light,—'tis there!
 There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
 All the home-voices meet at day's decline;
 One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,—
 There laughs thy home!

HEMANS—*Songs of the Affections.*

24. Not rudely built that ancient hall, whose doors
 Held widely open by the unsparing hand
 Of active charity, give amplest welcome.
 Nor unadorned around with graceful trees,
 Whose music all the seasons through is heard
 Within the cheerful mansion.

ELLERY CHANNING—*Edward and Margaret.*

* Convenient corners.

25. The city's smoke, the noxious air,
 The constant crowd, the torches' glare,
 The morning sleep, the noonday call,
 The late repast, the midnight ball.

PRAED.

26. Oh bright is that home when the Spring-time returns,
 And brighter than all, when the evening fire burns,
 When snow falls around you, and comfort within
 Tells the time when the pleasures of Winter begin.

MRS. ELLIS.

27. Ah this is your dwelling, a peaceful abode,
 Where the flower-twined porch draws all eyes from
 the road,
 Where roses and jasmines embower the door,
 That never is closed to the way-worn and poor.

ELIZA COOK.

28. A noble range it is of many a rood,
 Walled, and tree-girt, and ending in a wood.
 A small sweet house o'erlooks it from a nest
 Of pines, all wood and garden is the rest,
 Lawn and green lane, and covert, and a-
 near
 A winding stream about it, glad and clear ;
 With here and there a swan, the creature born
 To be the only graceful shape of scorn.
 The flower-beds all are liberal of delight,
 Roses in heaps are there, both red and white ;
 Lilies angelical, and gorgeous glooms
 Of wall-flowers, and blue hyacinths, and blooms

Hanging their clusters from light boughs, in short
 All the sweet cups to which the bees resort ;
 With plots of grass, and leafier walks between
 Of red geranium, and of jessamine ;
 And orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,
 And look as if they shade a golden fruit ;
 And midst the flowers, turfed round, with softened
 haze,
 Mid darksome pines, a babbling fountain plays,
 Or 'twixt their shafts you see the waters bright
 Which through the tops glimmer with showering light.

LEIGH HUNT—*Rimini.*

29. Amid the city,
 The great humanity which beats
 Its life along the stony streets,
 Like a strong unsunned river
 In a self-made course, is ever
 Rolling on, rolling on !
 You sit and hear it as it rolls,
 That flow of souls,
 Made up of many tones that rise
 Each to each as contraries !

E. B. BARRETT—*The Soul's Traveller.*

30. It is a valley filled without sweetest sounds,
 A languid music haunting everywhere,
 Like that with which a Summer eve abounds,
 From rustling corn, and song-birds calling clear,

Down sloping uplands, which some wood surrounds,
 With tinkling rills, just heard, but not too near,
 And low of cattle on the distant plain,
 And peal of far-off bells now caught, now lost again.

THOMAS MILLER.

31. A little peaceful refuge,
 Far from the noise of the tumultuous city.
 Within an ancient forest's ample verge,
 There stands the lonely but the healthful dwelling,
 Built for convenience, and the use of life.
 Around it fallow meads and pastures fair,
 A little garden, and a limpid brook,
 By nature's own contrivance seem disposed.
 No neighbors, but a few poor simple clowns,
 Honest and true, and a well-meaning priest.

ROWE—*Jane Shore*.

32. A fairy glen, a honeysuckle bower,
 The blackbird's latest note is lingering there !
 In it, as in a shrine, a modest pair
 Are seated.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

33. Your home
 Hath a temptation——
 You shall go in, and by your cheerful fire
 Wait for the offices of love, and hear
 Accents of human tenderness.

N. P. WILLIS.

34. A deep vale

Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
 And whispering myrtles, glassing softest skies,
 As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
 As I would have thy fate!—

A palace lifting to eternal Summer
 Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
 Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
 Whose songs shall syllable thy name.

BULWER—*Lady of Lyons.*

35. A green and silent spot amid the hills,

A small and silent dell!—

Oh 'tis a quiet spirit healing nook,

Which all methinks would love!—

Be grateful, that through nature's quietness

And solitary musings, all the heart

Is softened, and made worthy to indulge

Love and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

SOUTHEY.

36. Low is your pretty cot; the tallest rose

Peeps at the chamber window. One can hear

At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,

The sea's faint murmur. In the open air

The myrtles blossom, and across the porch

Thick jasmines twine; the little landscape round

Is green and woody, and relieves the eye.

It is a spot which you may aptly call

The valley of Seclusion.

COLERIDGE.

37. Oh, sweetly is bedecked your bower, and gorgeously
your halls;

Here treads the foot on springing buds, and there on
velvet falls.

The massy curtains graceful flow, the vase, the paint-
ing warm,

Those household echoes, mirrors bright, revealing
the fair form;

Exotics that perfume the air, with odors sweet and
strange,

And shells that far in foreign climes mid ocean won-
ders range,

With countless gifts of taste and art, in classic
beauty rife,

Are laid upon your homestead shrine, and grace
your daily life.

C. GILMAN—*Merchant's Bride*.

38. O'er that house there hangs a solemn gloom ;
The step falls timid in each gorgeous room,
Vast, sumptuous, dreary as some Eastern pile,
Where mutes keep watch—a home without a smile.
Noiseless as silence reigned there, like a law,
And the cold luxury saddens into awe,
Save when the swell of sombre festival
Jars into joy the melancholy hall,
As some chance wind in mournful Autumn wrings
Discordant notes, although from music-strings.

The New Timon.

39. There no state chambers in long lines unfold,
 Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold ;
 Yet modest ornament, with use combined,
 Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.
 Small change of scene, small space his home requires,
 Who leads a life of satisfied desires ;
 Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours,
 There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers,
 There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,
 Read ancient books, or dream inspiring dreams.

ROGERS—*Epistle to a Friend.*

40. Seest thou not the smoke
 Through those loose branches, rising in a wreath
 So light, as scarcely hides the leafy stem
 Round which it twines ? The cottage walls are hid,
 And though its roof peers upward through the boughs,
 The close green moss that wraps it almost seems
 A portion of the forest. Nearer still
 I see the lattice, and the woodbine sprays,
 That half would shadow it, if one fond hand
 Checked not the gadding wreaths.

BROWN—*Bower of Spring.*

41. MAN. Thine be a hearth where happy faces meet,
 When night hath hushed the woods with all their
 birds ;
 And there a gentle voice will sound as sweet
 As antique music linked with household words.

HEMANS.

41. LADY. Thy true love shall build thee a bower,
 Bedecked with many a fragrant flower ;
 A braver bower thou ne'er didst see
 Than thy true love shall build for thee.

Percy's Reliques.

42. A little town of various brick,
 Irregularly built, nor much adorned
 By architectural craft, save that indeed
 As you approach it from the south, a pile
 Of questionable Gothic lifts its head,
 With something of a grave collegiate air.

MOULTRIE—*Dream of Life.*

43. Though shaggy are the walls and roof
 With branches intertwined,
 Yet smooth is all within, air-proof
 And delicately lined.
 A hearth is there, and maple dish,
 And cups in seemly rows,
 And couch, all ready to a wish
 For nurture or repose.

WORDSWORTH.

44. This abode,
 Framed for the occupation of content,
 Looks down upon a valley, where one lake
 Receives into its depths some circling hills,
 Green in the Summer, with majestic growth
 Of lofty cedars, and time-hallowed oaks,
 And the gay foliage of the birch and ash.

The sudden storms nursed in the mountain's arms,
 Visit that tranquil landscape in brief kind,
 Coming with mighty speed, scarce touching there,
 As if that valley were too fair for violence.

ELLERY CHANNING.

45. A cottage far removed. 'Tis in a glade
 Where the sun harbors, and one side of it
 Listens to bees, another to a brook.
 Lovers that have just parted for the night
 Dream of such spots when they have said their
 prayers.

LEIGH HUNT

46. Ah me! it desolately stands
 Without a roof, the gates fallen from their band,
 The casements all broke down, no chimney left!

ALLAN RAMSAY—*Gentle Shepherd.*

47. Near tall houses with quaint gables,
 Where frequent windows shine,
 And quays that lead to bridges
 And trees in formal line,
 And masts of vessels.

T. HOOD.

48. It seems like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
 So bright the sky, so soft the streams do flow,
 Such tones come riding on the musk-winged gale,
 The very air seems sleepily to blow ;
 And choicest flowers enamel every dale,

Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy glow ;
 It is a valley drowsy with delight,
 Such fragrance flows around—with beauty dims the
 sight.

THOMAS MILLER.

49. It is a shady and sequestered scene,
 Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio,
 Planted with his own laurel-evergreen,
 And roses that for endless Summer blow ;
 And there are fountain-springs to overflow
 Their marble basins,—and cool green arcades
 Of tall o'er arching sycamores, to throw
 Athwart the dappled path the dancing shades,
 With timid coneys cropping the green blades.

HOOD—*Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.*

50. Your home is the one that is sought by us still,
 When the night-clouds of Winter bring darkness and
 chill,
 When the rambles return from their toil or their
 play,
 And tell o'er the news and the deeds of the day.

ELIZA COOK.

51. Near a small village in the West,
 Where many very worthy people
 Eat, drink, play whist.

PRAED.

52. Your house within the city
 Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;

Basins, and ewers to lave your dainty hands ;
 Your hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,
 Valence of Venice, gold in needle-work,
 Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
 To house or house-keeping.

Taming of the Shrew.

53. Is this the hall? The nettle buildeth bowers
 Where loathsome toad and beetle black are seen!
 Are these the chambers? Fed by darkest showers
 The slimy worm hath o'er them crawling been!
 Is this the home? The owl's dreary cry
 Unto that asking makes a sad reply.

NICOLI.

54. At your farm
 You'll have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
 Six score fat oxen standing in your stalls,
 And all things answerable to this portion.

Taming of the Shrew.

55. A parlor with a window low,
 An old bow window wide ;
 A vine grows within it, sweet roses without,
 And many a flower beside.

MRS. ELLIS.

56. 'Tis the best fashioned and well-ordered thing
 That ever eye beheld ; and therewithal,
 The fit attendance by the servants used,

The gentle guise in serving every guest
 In other entertainments, everything
 About your house so artfully disposed,
 That even as in a turnspit, (called a jack,)
 One vice assists another, the great wheels
 Turning but softly, make the less to whirr
 About their business, every different part
 Concurring in one commendable end ;
 So, in such nice conformance, with rare grace
 Are all things ordered in your house.

G. CHAPMAN—*The Gentleman Usher*, 1606.

57. Your hame a hame o' happiness
 And kindly love may be,
 And monie a nameless dwelling place
 Like this we still may see.
 Your happy altar-hearth so bright
 Is ever bleezing there,
 And cheerful faces round it met
 Are an unending prayer.

NICOLL.

58. Your dwelling is full fair upon a heath ;
 With greeny trees yshadowed is his place.

CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales*.

59. A palace beautiful to see ;
 Marble porched, and cedar chambered,
 Hung with damask drapery :
 Bossed with ornaments of silver,
 Interlaid with gems and gold ;

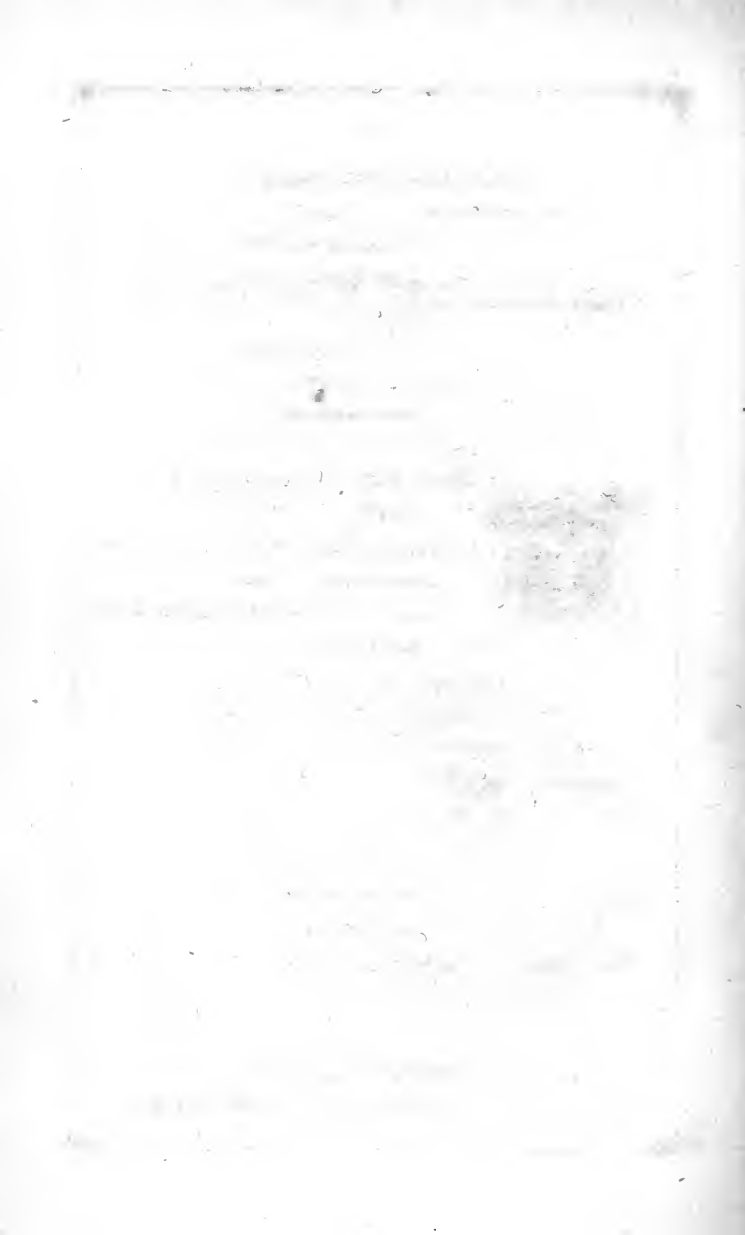
Filled with carvings, from cathedrals
Rescued in the days of old :
Eloquent with books and pictures,
All that luxury can afford ;
Warm with statues that Pygmalion
Might have fashioned—and adored.
In the forest glades and vistas
Lovely are the light and gloom,
Fountains sparkle in the gardens,
And exotics breathe perfume.

MACKAY—*The Out-comer, and the In-goer.*

YOUR DESTINY.

Before thy soul at this deep Lottery
Draw forth her prize ordained by Destiny,
Know that there's no recanting a first choice ;
Choose then discreetly.

THOMAS DECKER—*The Comedy of Fortunatus.*



“THIS IS THE TIME, INQUIRE YOUR DESTINIES.”

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.



HOU wilt, so rich in intellectual wealth,

Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge health.

Long in thy sheltered scene of lettered talk,

With sober step repeat the pensive walk,
Nor scorn when graver triflings fail to please,
The cheap amusements of a mind at ease.
Thus, every care in sweet oblivion cast,
Spend many an idle hour—not idly passed.

ROGERS—*Epistle to a Friend*.

2. MAN. You'll marry with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November,
She'll make you weary of your life
By one unruly member.

BURNS.

2. LADY. Beauty; high birth, wealth and a Hero's love.

FREDERICA BREMER—*The Bondmaid*.

3. You have been wretched, yet
 The silver shower whose reckless burthen weighs
 Too heavily upon the lily's head,
 Oft leaves a saving moisture at the roots.

WORDSWORTH.

4. The spell
 The mightiest upon earth—the spell of love,
 Familiar, mutual, requited love
 Shall be upon thee; and its charmed power,
 Shall at each moment, at a wish, call up
 More wealth than ever crossed the desert sands,
 Gems purer, costlier far than Araby's;
 Unsunned treasures, from that richest mine,
 The human heart!

Pocahontas—By a Citizen of the West.

5. Fair fortune shines with calm and steady ray
 Upon the tenor of thy happy way,
 A future like the past.

MRS. NORTON.

6. A contented heart,
 Peace, competence, and health.
 Fond friends to love thee dearly,
 And honest friends to chide,
 And faithful ones to cleave to thee,
 Whatever may betide.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

7. A dream is on my soul!
 I see a slumberer crowned with flowers and smiling

As in delighted visions, on the brink
Of a dread chasm !

HEMANS—*Vespers of Palermo.*

8. Some high or humble enterprise of good
Thou'lt ponder, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bend
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind ;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is due.

CARLOS WILCOX.

9. From a distant stranger-land,
You'll come to sit again
In the home that sheltered you,
Ere ye sailed across the main.

NICOLL.

10. MAN. To wed the earliest loved—
She who in laughing childhood, and ripe youth
Was ever thine—with whose advancing thought
You grew entwined, and who in time will yield
Her maiden coyness, and in mystic band
Will link herself to thee, one heart, one life
Bind ye together—in the innermost soul
Either be known to other.

H. ALFORD.

10. LADY. Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn,
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.

PRIOR.

11. As the bee
From flower to flower, so you from land to land,
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store you glean;
You'll suck intelligence from every clime,
And spread the honey of your deep research
On your return.

COWPER—*Task*.

12. Your down-bed a pallet, your trinkets a bead,
Your lustre, one taper that serves you to read;
Your sculpture, the crucifix nailed by your bed;
Your paintings, one print of the thorn-covered head;
Your cushion, the pavement that wearies your knees;
Your music, the psalm, or the sigh of disease.

GERALD GRIFFIN—*Ballad Poetry of Ireland*.

13. Peaceful shalt thou end thy future days,
And steal thyself from life by slow decays.

POPE.

14. Life and all seasons shall be sweet to thee;
Whether the Summer clothe the genial earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Between the tufts of snow, on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw, whether the eave-drops fall

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
 Or if the secret ministry of frost
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 Quietly shining to the shining moon.

COLERIDGE—*Frost at Midnight.*

15. You'll wander amid many skies,
 Where springs of bitter taste arise,
 And many leaves once fair and gay,
 From youth's full flower will drop away ;
 But as those looser leaves depart,
 The lessened flower gets near the core,
 And when deserted quite, the heart
 Takes closer what was dear of yore.

WILLIS—*Birthday Scenes.*

16. You will dare all, and bear all,
 And let no drop fall ;
 You will plot and contrive
 A fortune to hive.

SCHILLER.

17. You'll be by goodness crowned,
 Revered though not renowned.

SPRAGUE.

18. When joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
 And hope's delusive meteors cease to play,
 When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
 Still through the gloom thy star serenely flows.

CAMPBELL.

19. MAN. That which Alexander sighed for,
That which Cæsar's soul possessed,
That which heroes, kings have died for,—
Glory!

MONTGOMERY.

19. LADY. Silent as one who treads on new-fallen snow
Shall love come on thee ere thou art aware.

JAMES LOWELL.

20. Love in a hut, with water and a crust.

KEATS.

21. A cheerful friend shall bring thee cheerful news.

HOWITT.

22. Calm wedded affection, that home-rooted plant,
Which sweetens seclusion and smiles in the shade.

MOORE.

23. Rivers of plenty will flow in your hand,
Your barns be o'er-crammed with the fruit of the
land.

SCHILLER.

24. Thou mayst not set thy foot within thy fields,
Thou mayst not pull a sapling from thy hills,
Thou mayst not enter thy fair mansion house.

HOWITT.

25. You will dwell in lordly houses with gardens all
about,
And servants to attend you when you go in and out;

You'll have music for the hearing, and pictures for
the eye,

And exquisite and costly things each sense to gratify.

HOWITT.

26. You shall know the wounds invisible,
That Love's keen arrows make.

As You Like It.

27. MAN. While the rivers seek the sea,
And while the young stars shine,
No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine.

HEMANS.

27. LADY. Gladly reconciled
To numerous self-denials, you will live,
Still struggling on through life's calamities,
With cheerful hope.

WORDSWORTH—*Excursion.*

28. To sing thy song amidst the stoning crowd,
Then stand apart, obscure to man, with God.
The poet of the Future knows his place,
Though in the Present shady be his seat,
And all his laurels deepening but the shade.

HORNE—*Orion.*

29. You will plant, you will reap,
You will gather and keep.

SCHILLER.

30. I see the cloud and the tempest near,
 The voice of the troubled tide I hear,
 Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
 And, wanderer, thy loved one is there with thee.

L. DAVIDSON.

31. MAN. Before you do descend into the grave,
 You will a small house and large garden have,
 And a few friends, and many books, both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too !
 And since Love ne'er will from thee flee,
 A bride too, moderately fair,
 And good as guardian angels are,
 Only beloved and loving thee.

COWLEY—*The Wish.*

31. LADY. Your home will be
 A happy one, the centre and the source
 Of healthful joys, which you will minister
 Each to the other, or together share ;
 And you will learn, through mutual self-restraint
 And mutual joy imparted and received,
 To love each other dearly.

MOULTRIE—*The Dream of Life.*

32. Dame Fortune is a fickle gipsy,
 And always blind, and sometimes tipsy ;
 Sometimes for years and years together,
 She'll bless you with the sunniest weather,
 Bestowing honor, pudding, pence,
 You can't imagine why or whence ;—

Then in a moment, Presto,—Pass!—
Your joys are withered like the grass.

PRAED—*Haunted Tree.*

33. Every stride you make
Will but remember you, what a deal of world
You wander from the jewels that you love.
Must you not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages?

King Richard Second.

34. A hospitable home,
A spirit patient, pious, proud, and free ;
A self-respect grafted on innocent thoughts ;
Strong days of health, and nights of sleep ; thy toils
By danger dignified, yet guiltless ; hopes
Of cheerful old age, and a quiet grave,
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph :
This do I see.

BYRON—*Manfred.*

35. A small inheritance
Contenteth you, and is worth a monarchy.
You seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth you care not with what envy ;
Sufficeth that you have maintains your state,
And sends the poor well pleased from your gate.

Henry Sixth.

36. MAN. A most portentous trial waits thee now,
Woman's bright eyes, and dazzling snowy brow ;

Eyes of all hue, as Love may chance to raise
 His black or azure banner in their blaze,
 And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
 That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
 To the sky-stealing splendors almost hid,
 Like swords half sheathed, beneath the downcast lid.

MOORE—*Lalla Rookh*.

36. LADY. Your course of true love never will run
 smooth ;

For either 'twill be different in blood,
 Or else misgrafted in respect of years,
 Or else 'twill stand upon the choice of friends ;
 Or, if there is a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness will lay siege to it.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

37. Thou must endure, yet loving all the while,
 Above, yet never separate from thy kind,—
 Meet every frailty with the gentlest smile,
 Though to no possible depth of evil blind.

This is the riddle thou hast life to solve ;
 But in the task thou shalt not work alone,
 For while the worlds about the sun revolve,
 God's heart and mind are ever with his own.

MILNES—*Palm Leaves*.

38. Long years will see thee roaming
 A sad and weary way,
 Like traveller tired at gloaming,
 Of a sultry Summer's day.

But soon a home will greet thee,
 Though low its portals be,
 And ready kindness meet thee,
 And peace that will not flee.

PERCIVAL.

39. Oh be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure and a friend.

POPE.

40. How fair life's morn to you!
 The world is blithe and gay—
 Hope, beckoning with an angel's smile,
 Leads on the way.

MARIA JAMES.

41. There is probation to decree,
 Many and long must the trials be ;
 Thou shalt victorious endure
 If that brow is true, and those eyes are sure.

BROWNING—*The Duchess.*

42. MAN. In some auspicious hour,
 In some sweet solitude, in some green bower,
 Whither your fate shall lead you, there unseen,
 You will behold your fancy's gracious queen,
 Singing sweet song that you shall hear awhile,
 Then catch the transient glory of her smile.

CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.*

42. LADY. Thou'lt bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
 In thy heart the dew of youth,
 On thy lips the smile of truth.

LONGFELLOW.

43. Courage! you travel through a darksome cave,
 But still as nearer to the light you draw,
 Fresh gales will reach you from the upper air,
 And wholesome dews of heaven your forehead lave,
 The darkness lighten more, till full of awe
 You stand in the open sunshine unaware.

R. C. TRENCH.

44. You'll be forgotten—as old debts
 By persons who are used to borrow;
 Forgotten—as the sun that sets,
 When shines a new one on the morrow;
 Forgotten—like a luscious peach,
 That blessed the school-boy last September;
 Forgotten like a maiden speech,
 Which all men praise and none remember.

PRAED.

45. Pursue thy pleasurable way,
 Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
 While melting airs are heard,
 And soft-eyed cherub forms around thee play.

BEATTIE—*Ode to Spring*.

46. Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps your pen;
 Delightful industry enjoyed at home,

And nature, in her cultivated trim,
Dressed to your taste, inviting you abroad.

COWPER—*Task*.

47. From the height
Of Hope I see the landscape, bathed in light ;
And where the golden dimness veils the gaze,
Guess out the spot, and mark the site of happy days.
The New Timon.

48. With peace of mind from goodness given,
Thy hope in God, thy heart in heaven,
Thy bark is bliss, thy ocean peace.—
The rock to which thy spirit clings
The everlasting King of kings.
SILLERY—Royal Mariner.

49. Contented will thy easy moments fly,
Each thought a wing to lift them to the sky.
GEORGE LUNT—Age of Gold.

50. Sunrise will come next !
The shadow of the night is passed away !
——Here begins your true career.
Look up to it ! All now is possible—
The glory and the grandeur of each dream,
And every prophecy shall be fulfilled.
BROWNING—Luria.

51. Hymen doth only wait
An opportunity to light his torch,
Which will burn glorious at your nuptials.
JAMES SHIRLEY—The Traitor.

52. Scarce a room beneath your roof unmarked
 By some distinction of remembered joy ;
 Of friends, whose visits though too much like those
 Of angels, passing short and far between,
 Almost like those of angels gladden you ;
 Of pleasant and endearing intercourse
 With neighbors whom you love ; of home content,
 Enlivened by those studies and pursuits,
 Which purify and strengthen, while they soothe
 The weary mind.

JOHN MOULTRIE—*The Dream of Life.*

53. How shall you live ? In earnestness.
 What shall you do ? Work earnestly.
 What shall you give ? A willingness.
 What shall you gain ? Tranquillity.

ELLERY CHANNING.

54. From this time forth
 A cry is in thy heart, a trumpet call
 That sounds a summons to the rescue. See
 If thou obey it not !

TAYLOR—*Edwin the Fair.*

55. To germinate, develop, radiate,
 And like a star go out, and leave no mark
 Save a high memory.

HORNE—*Orion.*

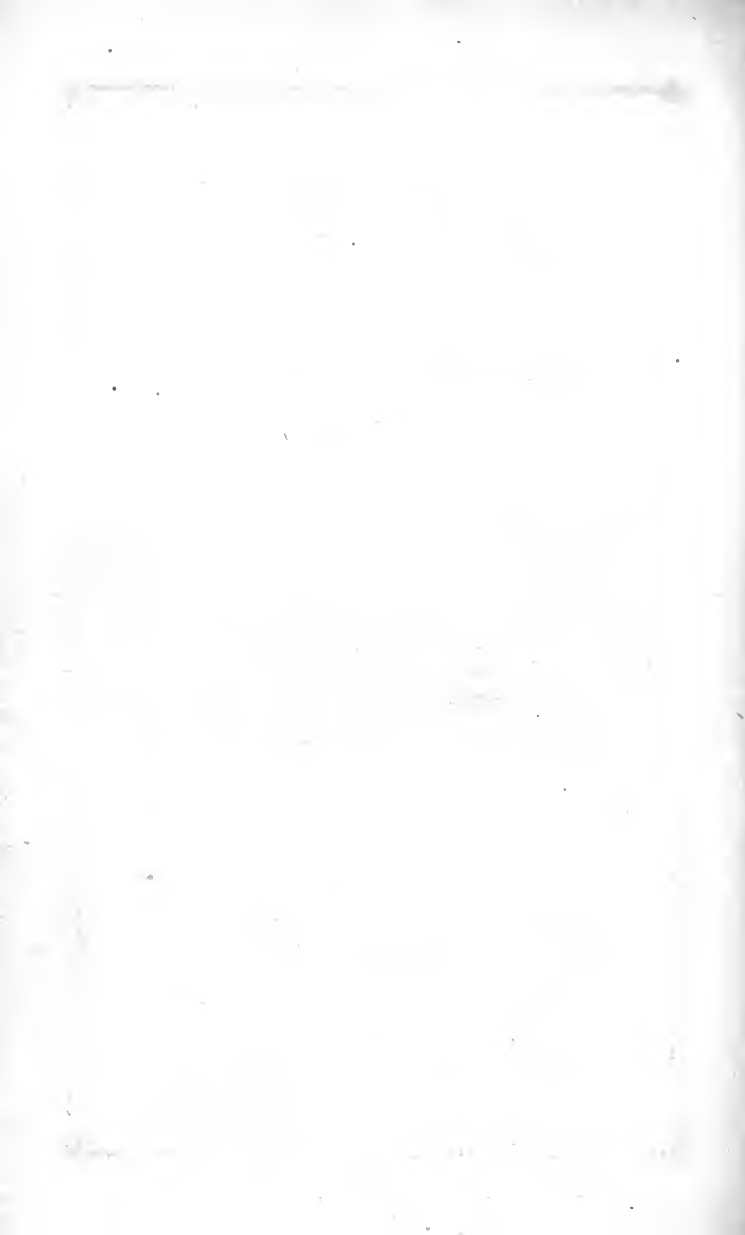
56. All will be well,
Much happiness will be thy portion yet.
Love will be with thee breathing his native air,
And peace around thee, through the power of love.

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.*



PART SECOND.

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WHEN OR WHERE IS YOUR FAVORITE WALK ?

For thee, seek thou Solitude, but neither in excess nor morosely ;
For there, separate from a crowd, the still small voice will talk with
thee.

There as thou walkest by the sea, beneath the gentle stars,
Many kindling seeds of good will sprout within thy soul.

Pass on, pass on ! for this is the path of wisdom :

God make thee prosper on the way : I leave thee well with Soli-
tude.

TUPPER—*Proverbial Philosophy.*



WHEN OR WHERE IS YOUR FAVORITE WALK?



MID thick trees, which reaching round
about

In shady blessing, stretch their old
arms out,

With spots of sunny openings, and
with nooks

To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,
Where at her drink, you startle the slim deer,
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear;
Where all about, the birds keep leafy house,
And sing and dart within and out the boughs;
And all about, a lovely sky of blue
Clearly is felt, or down the leaves laughs through;
While bowering leaves hang o'er, to which the eye
Looks up half sweetly or half awfully,—
Places of nestling green, for Poets made,
Where when the sunshine strikes a yellow shade,
The rugged trunks to inward peeping sight,
Throng in dark pillars up the gold green light.

LEIGH HUNT—*Rimini.*

2. Through all your childhood's walks, the lane, the grove,
 Along the silvery rill to slowly move,
 Mingling your hope's bright lights with softening
 shades
 That memory throws 'mong hill-tops, streams, and
 glades.

R. H. DANA.

3. On some mild eve when woods are sappy,
 And the early moths have sprung
 To life, from many a breathing sheath
 Woven the warm boughs beneath,
 While small birds say to themselves
 What shall soon be actual song.

BROWNING—*Bells and Pomegranates*.

4. Where 'tween two winding hills that close the vale,
 The watery landscape lies, and seems to join
 The bending sky; while far around, the clouds
 Hasten to hang their golden canopy,
 Lit by the sun's last smile.

ISAAC WILLIAMS—*The Mountain Home*.

5. In the forest,
 Where sloping up the darkest glades,
 The moon has drawn her colonnades,
 Upon whose floor the verdure fades
 To a faint silver.

E. B. BARRETT—*Vision of Poets*.

6. Up the craggy cliff you love to climb,
 When all in mist the world below is lost.

What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand sublime
 Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
 And view the enormous waste of vapor, tost
 In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
 Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed.

BEATTIE—*Minstrel.*

7. A narrow pathway through a tangled wood,
 Where in unbroken mass, above your head,
 The canopy of woven boughs is spread,
 So closely blended, that the noontide ray
 Dies like the glance of faint departing day.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

8. When a starlight sky is overhead,
 A quiet breeze around,
 And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
 And the waves a soothing sound.

PRAED—*Red Fisherman.*

9. When the Spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress,
 passes
 Over earth's breast to waken it ; rare verdure
 Buds here and there upon rough banks, between
 The withered tree-roots, and the cracks of frost,
 Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face.
 The grass grows bright, the boughs are swoll'n with
 blooms,
 Like chrysalids, impatient for the air.
 The shining dorrs are busy, beetles run

Along the furrows, ants make their ado.
 Above, birds fly in merry flocks, and one
 Soars up, and up, shivering for very joy.
 God renews his ancient rapture.

BROWNING—*Paracelsus*.

10. On the green land where your daily
 Steps in jocund childhood played;
 Dimpled close with hill and valley,
 Dappled very close with shade;
 Summer snow of apple blossoms, running up from
 glade to glade.

E. B. BARRETT—*The Lost Bower*.

11. By a shore where beetling cliffs
 O'erhang the breaking spray,
 While pure white sands beneath
 Border a breezy bay.

H. ALFORD.

12. Beneath a fringe of dewy leaves,
 That droop away from many a bended bough,
 Thou lov'st to be on Summer's golden eves,
 And gaze above——
 Thinking each lustrous star a heavenly shrine
 For an immortal soul, and wondering which is thine.

Poems by Amelia.

13. In that still and holy time,
 When the glowing sunset seems

Like a pathway to a clime,
Only seen till now in dreams.

R. C. TRENCH.

14. Down the bank
With sweet wild roses and thick hazels rank,
By an unheeded track your feet may creep
Into a shady covert, still and deep,
Harbor of flowery fragrance—with full tide
The river wanders by ; on either side
Over their rocks, the merry runnels leap.

HENRY ALFORD.

15. 'Neath moss-grown domes, with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light.

POPE—*Abelard and Eloisa.*

16. Pleasant at noon, beside the vocal brook
To lay you down, and watch the floating clouds,
And shape to fancy's wild similitudes
Their ever-varying forms.

SOUTHEY.

17. Where sleep the dead in holy ground ;
Nor know you aught so sweet and still,
As is the peace which there is found.

ISAAC WILLIAMS—*The Babbistery.*

18. Along the winding shores, so richly green,
Where, mid his corn-clad fields, the farmer toils,
And village after village lifts its spire.

FANNY KEMBLE.

- GRAY—*Elegy.*

- HORNE—*Orion*.

- BEATTIE—*Minstrel.*

- PRAED—*Troubadour.*

23. Through the valley, where the glittering harebells
 peep,
Where laden bees go droning by, and hum them-
 selves to sleep ;
Where all that's bright with bloom and light springs
 forth to greet the day,
And every blade pours incense to the warm and
 cloudless ray ;
Where children come to laugh away their happy
 Summer hours,

And chase the downy butterfly, or crown themselves
with flowers ;

Through the valley, through the valley, oh who does
not like to bask

Amid the fairest beauties, Heaven can give or man
can ask ?

ELIZA COOK.

24. You love to turn off to a shady walk
Close and continuous, fit for lovers' talk,
And then pursue the stream, and as you tread
Onward and onward, o'er the velvet bed,
Feel on your face an air, watery and sweet,
And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet.

LEIGH HUNT—*Rimini*.

25. At the twilight hour,
When shadows gather round,
And softer sings the little bird
And insect from the ground :
You feel that this within the heart
Must be the hour of prayer,
For earth in its deep quietude
Doth own its Maker there.

MRS. SMITH—*Sinless Child*.

26. Down by the wood,
When daylight is breaking,
And the first breath of dawn
The green leaves is shaking,—

'Tis bliss without limit
 Alone to be straying,
 To hear the wild woodbirds
 And what they are saying.

ROBERT NICOLL.

27. While the sun his crimson radiance showers,
 And stars the green night of the woods with flowers,
 That hung like rubies, on each trembling thorn,
 Outshine the myriad opals of the morn.—
 Now take thy lonely walk of ecstasy!

ELLIOTT—*Young Devotee.*

28. Your earliest steps have wandered from the green
 and fertile land,
 Down where the clear blue ocean rolled, to pace the
 rugged strand;
 You proudly flung the proffered bribe and gilded
 toy away,
 To gather up the salt sea-weed, or dabble in the
 spray;
 You shouted to the distant crew, or launched your
 mimic bark,
 You met the morning freshness there, and lingered
 till the dark;
 And still your soul is as it was, and as it e'er will be,
 Loving and wild as what it loves, the curbless,
 mighty sea!

ELIZA COOK.

29. In Love's most holy hour,
 When silence sits o'er earth and sky,
 And moonlight flings on turf and tower
 A spell of deeper witchery.
 And in the stillness, and the shade,
 All things and colors seem to fade,
 And the garden-queen, the blushing rose
 Has bowed its head in soft repose,
 And weary zephyr has gone to rest,
 In the flowery grave he loves the best.

PRAED.

30. To muse along the water's side,
 Where buoyant vessels go,
 Like living things adown the tide,
 And skiffs dart to and fro.

MRS. LEWIS—*Records of the Heart.*

31. Face to face with the true mountains,
 Standing silently and still,
 Drawing strength for fancy's dauntings
 From the air about the hill,
 And from Nature's open mercies, and most debonaire
 good will.

E. B. BARRETT.

32. To rove
 Beneath the precipice, o'erhung with pine,
 And see, on high, amid the encircling grove,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrent shine ;

While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join, L
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.

BEATTIE—*Minstrel*.

33. In a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of a sunny month of June,
When the north-wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon—and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.

SHELLEY.

34. To wander down the wooded dells
That slope into the sea, and sit thee down
On piles of rocks, in a most private place,
Not without melody of ancient stream
Down-dropping from steep sides of brightest moss,
And tumbling onwards, through the dark ravine,
While the lithe branches of the wizzard elm
Dangle athwart the deep blue crystalline.

H. ALFORD.

35. When the moon, lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim,
Comes into the blue heavens with all her light.

KEATS.

36. Where the silver noon, into a winding dell,
With slanting gleam athwart the forest top,
Tempered like golden evening, feebly falls

With green and glowing light, like that which drops
From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell.

SHELLEY.

37. Through the streets
Of a huge, buzzing, dense metropolis,
Slowly, in teeming thoroughfares, to walk
One of the people, hearing with their ears,
Beholding with their eyes, and in their thought
Divining.

MACKAY—*Voices from the Mountains.*

38. When
The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent Summer's vein ; and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numb'd earth ;
While snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
From the nak'd shuddering branch, and peels the skin
From oft the soft and delicate aspects.
O, now methinks this sullen, tragic scene
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence !

JOHN MARSTON—*Antonio's Revenge.*

39. When twilight hours, like birds, glide by
As lightly and as free ;
Ten thousand stars are in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea ;
For every wave with dimpled face
That leaps upon the air,
Has caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

Poems by Amelia.

40. By the old ruin
Where the owl hoots by day, and the toad is sun-
proof;
Where no singing-birds build, and the trees gaunt and
gray
As in stormy sea-coasts, appear blasted one way.
E. B. BARRETT—*The Lay of the Brown Rosary.*

41. In Winter, mid the glittering banks
Heaped of unspotted snow——
Charmed by the neat severity of frost.
W. E. CHANNING—*Edward and Margaret.*

42. Through weeds, and thorns, and matted underwood
To force your way; now climb, and now descend
O'er rocks or bare or mossy; with wild foot
Crushing the purple whorts, while oft, unseen,
Hurrying along the drifted forest leaves,
The scared snake rustles. Onward still to toil
And know not, ask not whither. A new joy
Lovely as light, sudden as Summer gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the Spring
Beckons you on.

COLERIDGE.

43. Where the moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,
Grows from a little edge of light
To a full orb.

WORDSWORTH.

44. On a noble morn,
When dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,

And the frost shrinks back like a beaten hound,
Under the steaming, steaming ground.
When the billowy clouds flow sweeping by,
And leave you alone in the clear gray sky.

BARRY CORNWALL.

45.

Where soft

Dance the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
Where breaking waves play low upon the beach
Their constant music, while the air beside
Is still as starlight.

N. P. WILLIS.

46. When here and there a solitary star

Flushes the darkening firmament of June.

CAMPBELL—*Gertrude of Wyoming.*

47.

A walk beside the sea,

After a day which perished silently
Of its own glory :

Nor moon nor stars are out,
They do not dare to tread so soon about,
Though trembling, in the footsteps of the sun.
The light is neither night's nor day's, but one
Which, life-like, hath a beauty in its doubt ;
And silence's impassioned breathings round
Seem wandering into sound.

E. B. BARRETT—*Sea-side walk.*

48. Down the smooth stream to stray, and see it tinged
Upon each brink, with all the gorgeous hues,
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees,

That singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,
Adorn the shores.

CARLOS WILCOX.

49. When placid evening steals,
After the lurid storm, like a sweet form
Of fairie, following a perturbed shape
Of giant terror, that in darkness strode.
Slow sinks the lord of day ; the clustering clouds
More ardent burn, confusion of rich hues,
Crimson, and gold, and purple, bright inlay
Their varied edges, till before the eye,
As their last lustre fades, small silver stars
Succeed, and twinkling, each in its own sphere,
Thick as the frosts, unnumbered spangles strew
The slowly paling heavens.

W. L. BOWLES—*The Spirit of Discovery.*

50. By the cliff-bounded sea !
When it is Summer noon,
And all the land is still,
But on the water's face
The merry breeze is playing,
Whitening a chance wave here and there :
And the dipping sea-birds
Sport, and scream around ;
And numberless white sails
Spot the pleasant water—
It is a sight of joy
That makes the bosom full !

H. ALFORD.

51. When twilight lets her dewy mantle fall,
 Thou goest forth, in hallowed time of even,
 While in the glowing west, all dark and still,
 The trees stand motionless; and on the wall
 Of the blue east, the moon climbs up the hill
 And all is hushed, save haply the sweet call
 Of some chance nestling bird, or falling rill,
 With mountains listening near, majestic, dark and
 still.

ISAAC WILLIAMS—*The Baptistry.*

52. In a great city, when the silent stars
 Steal out so gladsome, through the dark blue heavens,
 All undisturbed by any restless noise
 Sent from the domes and spires, that lie beneath
 Hushed as the clouds of night.

JOHN WILSON—*City of the Plague.*

53. By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
 Or on the beached margent of the sea.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

54. When the dapple gray coursers of the morn,
 Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs
 And chase it through the sky.

JOHN MARSTON—*Antonio's Revenge.*

55. When the moon hath comforted the night,
 And set the world in silver of her light,
 The planets, asterisms, and whole state of Heaven
 In beams of gold descending.

GEORGE CHAPMAN—*Byron's Conspiracy.*

56. The very inmost heart
Of an old wood where the green shadows close
Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,
A luxury of gloom ! Scarce doth one ray,
Even when a soft wind parts the foliage, steal
O'er the bronzed pillars of the deep arcade ;
Or if it doth 'tis with a mellowed hue
Of glow-worm colored light.

HEMANS—*Scenes and Hymns of Life.*

57. Where a crowd of glancing vessels shine
Filled with the young and gay, and pennants wave,
And sails, at distance, beautifully swell
To the light breeze, or pass like butterflies
Amid the smoking steamers.

W. L. BOWLES—*Barnwell Hill.*

58. Where the gazer sees
Towers, and white steeples o'er the trees,
Mansions that peep from leafy bowers,
And villas gay with shrubs and flowers ;
The gentle objects near at hand,
The distant-flowing, bold, and grand.

HILLHOUSE—*Sachem's Wood.*

59. When the Sun,
Eternal Painter, now begins to rise,
And limn the heavens in vermillion dye ;
And having dipt his pencil, aptly framed
Already in the color of the morn,

With various temper he doth mix in one
 Darkness with light; and drawing curiously
 Straight golden lines quite through the dusky sky,
 A rough draught of the day he seems to yield,
 With red and tawny on an azure field.

Author Unknown—Pastoral.

60. Early in Autumn, at first winter-warning,
 When the stag has to break with his foot, of a
 morning,
 A drinking-hole, out of the fresh tender ice,
 That covers the pond, till the sun in a trice
 Loosening it, lets out a ripple of gold,
 And another, and another, and faster and faster,
 Till dimpling to blindness the wide water rolls.

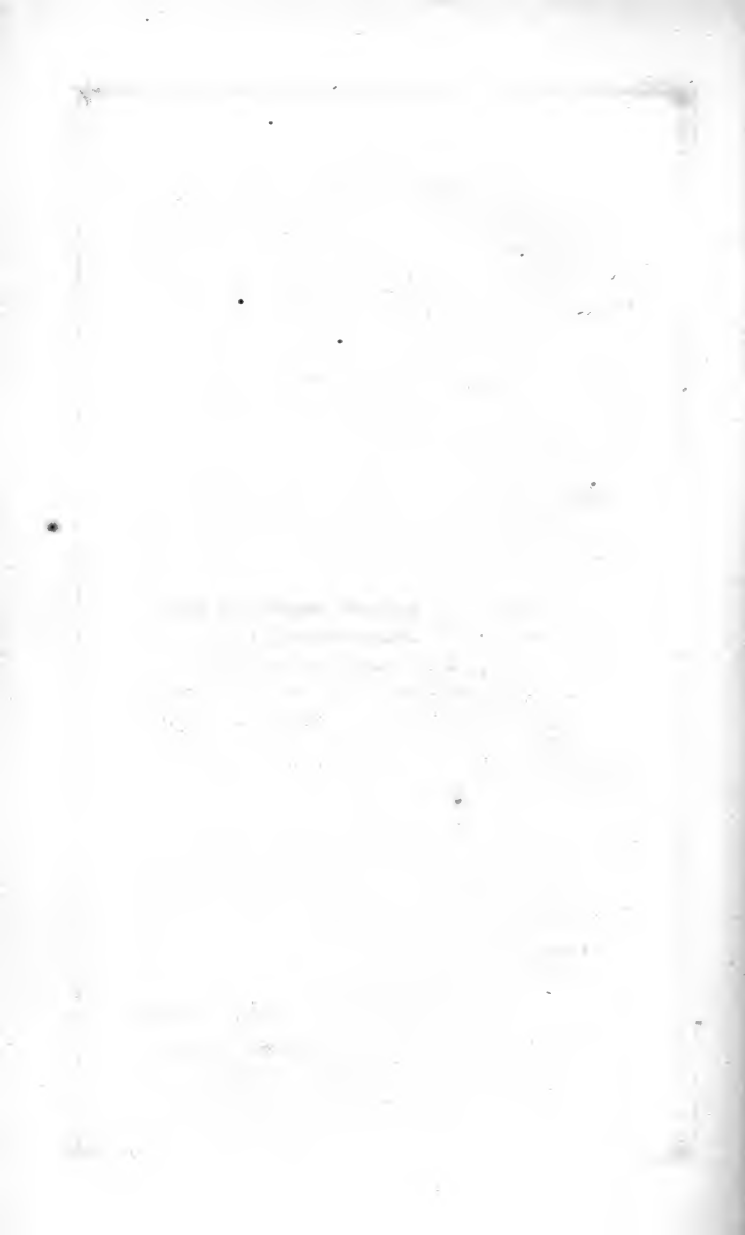
BROWNING—Duchess.

61. You'll seek the swarded circle, into which the lime-
 walk brings you,
 Whence the beeches, rounding greenly, stand away
 in reverent fear,
 Where you let no music enter, saving what the foun-
 tain sings you,
 Which the lilies round the basin may seem pure
 enough to hear.

E. B. BARRETT—Lady Geraldine's Courtship.

62. By the rushy fringed bank
 Where grows the willow.

MILTON—Comus.



WHAT DO YOU LIKE OR DESIRE ?

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse.

SHAKSPEARE—*Sonnets.*

THE HISTORY OF THE



OF THE
CITY OF
BOSTON
FROM
1630 TO 1800

BY
JAMES
B. HARRIS

NEW YORK:
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1800

WHAT DO YOU LIKE OR DESIRE?



O walk together to the *Kirk*,
And all together pray,
While each to his Great Father
bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving
friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

COLERIDGE—*Ancient Mariner*.

2. To nourish special *locks* of vowéd care.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

3. Bracelets of hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweethearts.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

4. A *cucumber*, while costly yet and scarce.

COWPER—*Task*.

5. It is a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry from place to place.
Some prop the head, some from the pallid face

Wipe off the faint cold dews, weak nature sheds ;
Some reach the healing draught ; the whilst to chase
The fear supreme, around their softened beds,
Some holy men by prayer all opening Heaven dispreeds.

THOMSON—*Castle of Indolence.*

6. The tender *fawn's*
Long delicate limbs, light tread, and arching neck.

MRS. GILMAN—*The Young Heroine of Stono.*

7. Leaves
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
Everything that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth to the daylight.

WILLIS.

8. Some pigeons Davy ; a couple of short-legged hens ; a joint of mutton ; and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell the cook.

Henry Fourth.

9. To you a *cross* all rudely made
Beneath the giant pine-tree's shade,
• Most solemn words can say.

LORD JOHN MANNERS.

10. The good old rule—the simple plan—
That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep—who can.

WORDSWORTH.

11. Oh, it were sweet *for our country to die!* How
softly reposes

Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tear of his
love;

Wet by a mother's warm tear; they crown him with
garlands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn bright where he
triumphs above.

PERCIVAL.

12. At eve to *sail*
On the broad river with a favoring gale.

CRABBE.

13. The placid look
Of one who leans upon a closed book.

KEATS.

14. In sweet silence to retrace
A pleasant day, upon a couch of ease.

KEATS.

15. You love the frowning *thunder-cloud*,
Clothing the skies in mourning.

MRS. DANA.

16. A *butterfly*, with golden wings broad-parted
Nestling a rose.

KEATS.

17. Oh, yes, you love the *sunshine!*
Like kindness or like mirth

Upon a human countenance,
Is sunshine on the earth.

HOWITT.

18. MAN. When the pale moonbeam,
On tower and stream,
Sheds a flood of silver sheen ;
How you love to gaze,
As the cold ray strays
O'er the face of your heart's throned queen.

SHELLEY.

18. LADY. You ask no boon more kind
Than power another's woe to mitigate.

MRS. TIGHE—*Psyche*.

19. *Rabbits white,*
With eyes of ruby.

MRS. GILMAN—*The Young Heroine of Stono*.

20. You delight in *masques and revels*.

Twelfth Night.

21. You love *Churches mounting to the skies,*
For your devotion rises with their roof—
Therein your soul doth heaven anticipate.

PHILONAX LOVEKIN—*Andronicus*.

22. MAN. With rod in hand to go
To streams that leap—too frolicsome to flow—
Angling for trout, and catch them by themselves,
In fancied citadel, beneath the shelves
Of slippery stone, o'er which the waters rush.

MACKAY—*Voices from the Mountain*.

22. LADY. Some *cloud-palace*, which the strong winds
build,
And straight unbuild again upon heaven's azure
field.

TRENCH—*Gertrude of Saxony.*

23. A *lake* and a *fairy boat*,
To sail in the moonlight clear,
Where merrily you might float
From the dragons that watch you here!

HOOD.

24. To lay your painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all your toil.

MONTGOMERY.

25. The tall and elegant *stag*,
Who paints a dancing shadow of his horns
In the water where he drinks.

LAMB.

26. Even *sorrow*, for it breaks
The heart, that love divine may enter in.

MRS. DANA.

27. You had rather have a fool to make you merry, than
experience to make you sad.

As You Like It.

28. Fore-thoughted *chess*.

LEIGH HUNT.

29. *Sleep*, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.

COLERIDGE.

30. *A cane*
Of curious workmanship and marvellous twist.
POLLOCK—*Course of Time*.

31. Quaint *tablets* ranged some *antique hearth* around,
Blue Holland porcelain, all rudely wrought,
Yet fair in childhood's eyes, and richly fraught
With character and scene of sacred lore.
WILLIAMS—*The Baptistry*.

32. The *dance*, it does the spirits good ;—
Behold each leaf within the shady grove
Is dancing now to music of the breeze,
Whilst gracefully the elder branches wave
In unison with their young offspring's motion :
It circulates their sap, and is most healthful
To them and me. Why not to thee ?
MRS. DOWNING—*Satan in Love*.

33. CLOWN. You love a ballad but too well, if it be
doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleas-
ing thing indeed and sung lamentably.
Winter's Tale.

34. A morning ride, a novel, or the news,
Or, seeking nought, to glide about the street,
And so engaged with various parties meet.
CRABBE—*The Borough*.

35. Homeward returning, to behold the blaze
From cottage windows, rendering visible
The cheerful scene within.

MRS. BARBAULD.

36. QUEEN. What sport shall we devise here in this
garden?

LADY. Madam, we'll *play at bowls*.

Richard Second.

37. To see
A curious child, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listens intently, and his countenance soon
Brightens with joy, for murmuring within
Is heard sonorous cadences, whereby
To his belief, the monitor declares
Mysterious union with its native sea.

WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion*.

38. A *Ballad* in print.

Winter's Tale.

39. The tall *ship*,
That like a stately swan, in conscious pride
Breasts beautiful the rising surge, and throws
The gathered waters back, and seems to move
A living thing along her lucid way,
Streaming in silent glory to the sun.

BOWLES—*Spirit of Discovery at Sea*.

40. The lone walk with one whom love has knit
 Into your very soul.

ALFORD—*School of the Heart.*

41. To you the *Book Club* has peculiar charms,
 Composed of men who read, reflect, and write.

CRABBE—*The Borough.*

42. To gaze on *woman's beauty* as a star
 Whose purity and distance make it fair.

N. P. WILLIS.

43. *To list the Poet read his rhyme,*
 Low as a brook in the Summer air,—
 Save when he droppeth his voice adown,
 To dream of the amaranthine crown
 His mortal brows shall wear.

MISS BARRETT—*Sounds.*

44. To see
 A damsel following with light airy step
 The wave as it retreateth, and again
 Tripping before it, till it touch her foot
 As if in play.

BOWLES—*Banwell Hill.*

45. MAN. You love the strife
 Of the *sailor's life*,
 And you love the *dark blue sea*.

BULWER.

45. LADY. When rivals eager for your hand advance,
 And ask not horrid marriage—but the *dance*.

BROWN—*Paradise of Coquettes.*

46. Rich cream and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest,
 With amber honey from the mountain's breast,
 Strawberries from lake or woodland, offering wild
 Of children's industry, in hillocks piled ;
 Cakes *for the nonce* and butter fit to lie
 Upon a lordly dish.

WORDSWORTH.

47. MAN. Discoursing as you walk of mica schist,
 The old red sandstone, and the great Fire-mist
 Of nebulae—exploded ; and the birth,
 Myriads of ages past of a young earth ;—
 Still young and fresh, though venerably old.

MACKAY—*Voices from the Mountains.*

47. LADY. 'Tis beautiful to stand and watch
 A fountain's crystal turn to gems,
 And from the sky such colors sketch
 As if 'twere raining diadems.

MONTGOMERY.

48. MAN. With gun to slay
 The *grouse* in corries, where it loves to dwell.

MACKAY—*Voices from the Mountains.*

48. LADY. To cull with rosy fingers
 The *flowers*, on which the morning's moisture lingers.

LAMARTINE.

49. MAN. Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollow bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,

To throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ;
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.

THOMSON—*Spring*.

49. LADY. A lovely image in the *glass* appears,
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.

POPE—*Rape of the Lock*.

50. It is a blessed thing
 To heed the *Sabbath's* chime,
 And on 'neath Summer foliage walk
 To keep the holy time.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

51. None more admires the *Painter's* magic skill,

COWPER.

52. MAN. You prefer in your heart the least *ringlet* that
 curls

Down one exquisite neck, to the throne of the world.

MOORE.

52. LADY. Lo your first thought, first duty, the soft reign
 Of woman—patience by the couch of pain.

The New Timon.

53. The *drum*
 And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked *fife*.

Merchant of Venice.

54. With an idler's careless look
 Turning some *moth-pierced book*.

BARRY CORNWALL.

55. A *lock of sunny hair*

That lay upon a snowy brow.

MISS GOULD.

56. You love, you love to see

Bright steel gleam through the land,

'Tis a goodly sight, but it must be

In the reaper's tawny hand.

ELIZA COOK.

57. When Winter comes

To burn old wood, and read old books that wall

Your biggest room, and take your heartiest walk

On the good, hard, glad ground.

LEIGH HUNT.

58. It makes you merriest to see a boy

That wants to be a man.

TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde*.

59. There seems a love in *hair* though from the dead,

It is the gentlest yet the strongest thread

Of our frail plant,—a blossom from the tree

Surviving the proud trunk ;—as though it said,

Patience and Gentleness is Power ; in me

Behold affectionate eternity.

LEIGH HUNT.

60. Sweet it is

To sit, and even unto tears to gaze

On *flowers*, which love has given to bloom beside our way.

ALFORD—*Abbot of Muchelnaye*.



WHAT PAINS OR DISPLEASES YOU ?

Cease, fond caviller at wisdom, to be satisfied that every thing is wrong :

Be sure there is good necessity, even for the flourishing of evil.

Would the eye delight in perpetual noon ? or the ear in unqualified harmonies ?

Hath winter's frost no welcome, contrasting sturdily with summer ?

TUPPER—*Proverbial Philosophy.*

WHAT PAINS OR DISPLEASES YOU?



IS sweet to hear the watch-dog's
honest bark,
But not so pleasant, when you're
worn with labor,
To hear a *bull-dog* howling in the
dark,

Chained to the gate-post of your honest neighbor,
With forty friendly curs that follow up his
Notes, in a panharmonicon of puppies.

RUFUS DAWES—*Geraldine*.

2. You love not such *triumphant Churches*,
They scatter your devotion; whilst your sight
Is courted to observe their sumptuous cost,
You find your heart lost in your eyes.

PHILONAX LOVEKIN—*Andronicus*. (1661.)

3. I hate small gifts—a man that's poor and proud,
The young who talk incessantly and loud :
I hate in low-bred company to be,
I hate a knight who has no courtesy.
I hate much water and too little wine,
A prosperous villain, and a false divine,

A flirting girl, all frippery and pride,
A cloth too narrow, and a board too wide.

The Monk of Montaudon.

4. Avarice, ambition and deceit :
The worst of all, Ambition. This is life
Spent in a feverish chase for selfish ends,
Which has no virtue to redeem its toil,
But one long, stagnant hope to raise the self !

ELLERY CHANNING.

5. Men loathing from their souls
To company with *women* !

TAYLOR—*Edwin the Fair.*

6. But marriage is an awfu' thing,
It's nae fun, *that* !

ROBERT NICOLL.

7

Streets

Where draymen bawl, while rogues kick up a row,
And fishwives grin, while fopling fopling meets,
And milklad his rebellious donkey beats :
While dwarfish cripple shuffles to the wall.

ELLIOTT.

8. The roar of *battle*, and its sanguine joys
Its devastations, glories, and vain graves.

HORNE—*Orion.*

9. The close experience
Of *false mankind*, with whispers cold and dry.

HORNE—*Orion.*

10. The *silver gnats* that harp on glassy strings.

HORNE—*Orion*.

11. Of *slaughtered kine* the flesh.

HORNE—*Orion*.

12. 'Tis hardly in a body's power,
To keep at times frae being sour,
To see how things are shared ;
How best o' chieels are whiles in want,
Whiles coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wear't.

BURNS.

13. How miserable a thing is a *great man* !
Take noisy, vexing greatness, they that please.

PHILONAX LOVEKIN—*Andronicus*.

14. You like it not, the *noisy street*
You never liked, nor ever can !

HOWITT.

15. I pray thee call not this society ;
Thou find'st not here what thou went'st out to see,
Souls that can find with thine communion.

LOWELL.

16. Who dare *think* one thing and another *tell*,
Thy heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Pope's *Homer*.

17. Oh but you hate the smirking of a lie,
More than a lie in words !

Saul, a Mystery.

18. You could expire
 To hear a man, with bristles on his chin,
 Sing soft with upturned eyes, and arched brows.
 KNOWLES—*William Tell.*
19. It is not pleasant, lying on your bed,
 To hear a duett from a *brace of cats.*
 DAWES—*Geraldine.*
20. Most you hate a half-way honesty,
 Your friend with reservation ; or in sooth,
 Your just spoiled angel, but unmoulded devil,
 Who loathes the skies, yet dares not league with
 hell,
 And hangs one-handed on the outside wall
 Of uncongenial heaven.
 Saul, a Mystery.
21. Trumpet solos round your drowsy bed
 From lean *mosquitos* with their sharps and flats.
22. Fraud and hatred shouting
 Gospel ! Gospel !
 STERLING—*Strafford.*
23. Better to be eaten with rust, than scoured to nothing
 with perpetual motion.
 Henry Fourth.
24. Oh laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
 A cassocked huntsman, and a fiddling priest !
 He from Italian songsters takes his cue :
 Set Paul to music, he shall quote him too.

He takes the field ; the master of the pack
 Cries, "Well done, saint," and claps him on the
 back.

COWPER—*Progress of Error.*

25. You had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
 Than one of these same ballad-mongers !

Henry Fourth.

26. Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife ;
 Come, hear the woodland linnet ;
 How sweet his music ! on my life
 There's more of wisdom in it.

WORDSWORTH.

27. Those who employ their health, an ugly trick,
 In making known how oft they have been sick,
 And give us, in recitals of disease,
 A doctor's trouble, but without the fees.
 Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill
 Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill ;
 And now, alas, for unforeseen mishaps !
 They put on a damp night-cap and relapse ;
 They thought they must have died, they were so
 bad—
 Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

COWPER—*Conversation.*

28. Low crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.

Julius Cæsar.

29. MAN. You love the people,
 But do not like to stage you to their eyes :
 Though it do well, you do not relish well
 Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement,
 Nor do you think the man of safe discretion
 That does affect it.

Measure for Measure.

29. LADY. You would not
 Endure again the country conversation
 To be the lady of six shires. The men
 So near the primitive making, they retain
 A sense of nothing but the earth ; their brains
 And barren heads standing as much in want
 Of ploughing as their ground.

SHIRLEY—*The Lady of Pleasure.*

30. How sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept !

Richard Second.

31. Oh, the unspeakable misery of *solitude* !

SOUTHEY.

32. You disapprove alike
 The host whose assiduity extreme distresses
 And whose negligence offends.

Cowper's Odyssey—Homer.

33. *Wishing*, the constant hectic of a fool.

YOUNG.

34. You love not high estate
Where comfort dies in vastness.
MISS MITFORD.
35. Oh, to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness on the brain.
COLERIDGE.
36. To be with those,
Whose joys are joys of *sight*, and *smell*, and *taste*.
YOUNG.
37. *Custom*, that tyrantess of fools.
WATTS.
38. Gaudy *gold*,
Hard food for Midas, thou wilt none of it!
Merchant of Venice.
39. *Silence* is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried.
BYRON—*Sardanapalus*.
40. The deafening noise
Of *cities*, and the joys
Of *fashion's* sickly birth.
MOTHERWELL.
41. *Spiders* that suck up venom,
And heavy-gaited *toads*.
Richard Second.
42. Smart metallic pens
Have undertook to speculate at large,

But you eschew them all, and prophesy
 Goose-quills will be immortal as
 The art to which they minister.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

43. I tell you what! 'twixt frien' an frien',
 Ye dinna like a siller pen,
 And sin' the reason ye wad ken,
 Tho' odd enough, I'll gie it.
 It is too perfect,—ilka part
 It does, is wi' sic care and art,
 There's nae a particle o' heart
 Or feelin' gangin wi' it.

MISS GOULD.

44. The weather, oh the weather,
 When 'tis so confounded hot,
 That you would almost wish yourself
 A real Hottentot.

WILLIS—*Earlier Poems.*

45. The many cares that trouble life,
 The evil that requiteth good,
 The benefit not understood,
 Unfilial, unpaternal strife,
 The hate, the lie, the bitter jest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

46. Let me not live, quoth he,
 After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 All but new things disdain.

All's Well that ends Well.

TREES AND BLOSSOMS.

“ And he spake of Trees, from the Cedar-tree that is in Lebanon,
even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.”

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought ;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

R. W. EMERSON.

Your voiceless lips, oh flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

HORACE SMITH.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not Heaven's own bowers ?
Who its love without them can fancy,—or sweet floor ?
Who shall ever dare
To say they sprang not there,
And came not down that Love might bring
One piece of Heaven the more ?
Oh pray believe that angels
From their blue dominions,
Brought them in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden
pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

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WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE TREE OR BLOSSOM?



N aged *Cypress*,
Leaning as listening to the streamlet's
sound,
That gushes from the adverse bank.
W. L. BOWLES—*Discovery at Sea.*

2. *Blushing Roses*,
 Bending with their fulness
 Midst their close-capped sister buds
 Warming the green coolness.

LEIGH HUNT.

3. The *Sycamore*, capricious in attire,
 Now green, now tawny, and ere Autumn yet
 Have changed the woods, in scarlet honors bright.

COWPER—*Task.*

4. *Violets* blue,
 For their sweetness found
 Careless in the mossy shades,
 Looking in the ground.
 Love's dropped eyelids and a kiss—
 Such their breath and blueness is.

LEIGH HUNT.

5. The *Holly*, the Holly, oh twine it with bay,
 Come give the Holly a song,
 For it helps to drive stern Winter away
 With his garment so sombre and long!
 It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
 And its leaves of burnished green,
 When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
 And not even the daisy is seen.

ELIZA COOK.

6. A *Sunflower*, outspread like a sacrifice
 Before its idol.

BROWNING—*Bells and Pomegranates*.

7. An *Almond* tree, ymounted high,
 With blossom brave bedecked daintily,
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one,
 At every little breath that under heaven is blown.

SPENSER.

8. Lofty *Oaks*,
 Broad armed and beautiful, floating serene
 O'er copse, and lawn, and hedge and snowy dome.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

9. The cup of *Water-lilies*, not stirred
 By passing eddies, but with countenance
 Turned up to Heaven, that lie and let the dark
 Come down upon them, and then they pass beneath
 Into their watery bed, till the young moon
 Looks slant upon the surface of the stream.

H. ALFORD.

10. The shadowy *Pine*, its old romantic limbs
Tinged yellow with the rich departing light.

COLERIDGE.

11. An evening *Primrose*,
That folds up and is afraid,
 Except in utter calmness
And pure peace ; but is displayed
 Of afternoons, when peaches
Cool their angry cheeks in shade.

MISS. BARRETT—*Sir Hubert*.

12. A *Poplar* shook away,
All silver-green with gnarled bark.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

13. The *Anemone*,
Which cannot ever be beguiled
To quit the simple, quiet wild
Where Nature placed her modest child
 To worship her alone.
It does not ask the brow of toil,
To shed its costly dew, to spoil
The bed of free untortured soil,
 Which it has made its own.

H. F. GOULD.

14. A *white Pine*'s slender cone
Tapering above the hill-top.

HOFFMAN—*Vigil of Faith*.

15. The *Woodbine*, who her elm in marriage meets,
And brings her dowry in surrounding sweets.

CHURCHILL.

16. The *Maple* on his slope so cool
Wearing his motley, like a fool
Prankt out to lead the games of Yule.

P. P. COOKE—*Froissart Ballads, etc.*

17. In odorous beds
The slight *Linnaea* with its twin-born heads ;
We bless the monument of the man of flowers
Which breathes his sweet fame.

R. W. EMERSON—*Woodnotes.*

18. The *Ash*—a fiery chief is he,
High in the highland heraldry
He wears his proud robes gallantly.

P. P. COOKE—*Froissart Ballads, etc.*

19. Evergreen *Ivy* ! though in Summer hours
It doth not woo thine eye with blooming flowers,
In wintry time its melancholy wreath
Hangs o'er the dark and silent house of Death.

T. H. BAYLY.

20. Torch-bearers they, the grim black *Pines* !
Their torches are the flaming vines
Bright on the mountains' sky-ward lines.

P. P. COOKE—*Froissart Ballads, etc.*

21. A pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower,
As from a land of spirits ! To thine eye

Those faint wan petals—colorless—and yet
 Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic lines
 (As letters of some wizard language gone).
 Into their vapor-like transparence wrought,
 Bear something of a strange solemnity,
 Awfully lovely!—and the Christian's thought,
 Loves, in their cloudy pencilling, to find
 Dread symbols of his Lord's last earthly pangs,
 Set by God's hand—the coronal of thorns—
 The cross—the wounds—with other meanings deep:
 That flower, the chosen for the martyr's wreath,
 The Saviour's holy flower.

HEMANS—*Scenes and Hymns of Life.*

22. *Willow,*
 And *Poplar*, that with silver lines his leaf.

COWPER.

23. Thou glorious thing!
 That lookest out the grassy nooks among,
Rose, that art ever fair and ever young.
 Was it some angel on invisible wing,
 Hovered around thy fragrant sleep to fling
 His glowing mantle, of warm sunset hues,
 O'er thy unfolding petals, wet with dews,
 Such as the flower-fays to Titania bring?

C. P. CRANCH.

24. A *Willow*, that grows ascaunt the brook,
 And shows its hoar leaves in the glassy stream.

Hamlet.

25. The full cerulean *Passion-flower*,
Climbing among the leaves with mystic symbols
hung.

MRS. BROOKS—*Zophiël*.

26. The nodding *Beach*
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high.

GRAY—*Elegy*.

27. *Lilies* fair,
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held them forth and said,
"Lo my thoughts of white!"

LEIGH HUNT.

28. An *Oak*, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood.

As *You Like It*.

29. The pale *Brier-rose*, touched so tenderly,
As a pure ocean-shell, with faintest red,
Melting away to pearliness.

HEMANS—*Hymns of Life*.

30. *Aspens*, with the silvery leaves
Trembling, forever trembling.

HEMANS—*Scenes of Life*.

31. Oh, rich as morn of many a hue,
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,
The *Tulip's* petals shine in dew,
All beautiful, yet none alike.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

32. An ancient *Oak*
On the verge of a dim and solemn wood,
Through sunshine and storm that oak has stood ;
Many a loving and laughing sprite
Tend the branches by day and by night,
And the leaves of its age are fresh and green,
As the leaves of its early youth had been.
PRAED—*Legend of the Haunted Tree.*
33. In Spring when Nature opens first
Her store of buds, so fondly nursed,
Green *Moss* on sunny banks she sets,
As cradles for young *Violets*.
T. H. BAYLY.
34. Beautiful berries, beautiful tree,
Hurrah for the wild, wild *Cherry Tree* !
BARRY CORNWALL.
35. The gold *Cup-Sorrel* from his gauzy screen
Shining like fairy crown, enchased and beaded,
Left on some morn when light flashed in their eyes
unheeded.
DRAKE.
36. Weeping *Willows*,
Waving dark tresses o'er the gliding billows.
MRS. LEWIS—*Records of the Heart.*
37. I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the *White Rose* side.
Henry Sixth.

38. The married *Elm*, whose nodding head inclines,
Around whose trunk the vine her tendril twines.

TASSO—*Jerusalem Delivered*.

39. Our sweet, autumnal, western-scented wind
Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it leaves behind,
As the *Sweet Brier*.

BRAINERD.

40. The gloom of solemn *Cypress* bowers,
Through whose dark screen no prying sunbeams break.

FANNY KEMBLE.

41. The many-headed *Poppies*, like a crowd
Of dusky Ethiops in a magic cirque.

HORNE—*Orion*.

42. *Oaks* ; superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from their stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

BEATTIE—*Minstrel*.

43. *Moss*, warm gleaming with a sudden mark,
Like growths of sunshine left upon the bark.

LEIGH HUNT.

44. The *Laurel*, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage.

SPENSER.

45. The *Marigold*, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rising.

CLEVELAND.

46. The *Oak*,
Whose leaves a thousand Springs renewed,
Whose stately bulk a thousand Winters stood.

TASSO—*Jerusalem Delivered*.

47. *Cactuses*, a queen might don
If weary of her golden crown,
And still appear as royal.

MISS BARRETT.

48. The *Pine* flat-topped, and dark, and tall,
In lordly right predominant o'er all.

LEIGH HUNT.

49. The volant sweets o' the trailing *Mignonette*,
And odors vague that haunt the year's decay.

CHARLES TENNYSON.

50. The antique, and well-remembered *Beach*.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

51. The *Maple*-tree of pride,
Standing in mantle, many-dyed,
Bold monarch of the mountain side.

P. P. COOKE—*Froissart Ballads*.

52. The *yellow Violet's* modest bell,
That peeps from the last year's leaves below ;

Though slight its form, and low its seat,
 And earthward bent its gentle eye,
 Nor apt the passing view to greet
 When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

W. C. BRYANT.

53. The *Larch*, so green and beautiful
 Amid the sombre firs.

N. P. WILLIS.

54. The *Lotus*, which
 Floats like a queen, that grand and ancient flower,
 With name that passing from the charmed tongue,
 Reminds us of low melodies in sleep,
 So honey-sweet, so musically soft ;
 That flower of many honors, dwelt upon
 By old prophetic light, in time of yore ;
 A mighty parable of mystic things,
 All sacred, leaf, and bud, and banded stalk,
 And root, that struck into the bed of Nile.

H. ALFORD.

55. The taper *Fir*
 With its green spire.

MRS. BARBAULD.

56. Glazed *Buttercups*,
 Out of which the wild bee sips.

PATMORE—*Geraldine*.

57. The monarch *Oak*, which shades
 With patriarchal arms the glades.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—*Convent Bell*.

58. Pansies, lilies, king-cups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises ;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory ;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story ;
 There's a flower that shall be thine,
 'Tis the little *Celandine*.

WORDSWORTH.

59. Scented sprigs o' the dark green *Fir*
 Fresh from the sparkling mountain air.

HORNE.

60. The coxcomb *Crocus*, flower of simple note,
 Who to the light struts out in herald's coat.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

61. O'er your grave let the *Cypress* wave
 And darkly, greenly rise,
 For its cone like the spire of the funeral pyre
 Points upward to the skies ;
 And in that tree a pledge you see,
 That your spirit shall immortal be.

CAROLINE DE CRESPIGNY—*My Souvenir*.

62. For your tomb the only wish you'll have
 Will be, that the one who raises
 The turf-sod o'er you, plant your grave
 With *Buttercups* and *Daisies*.

ELIZA COOK.

63.

The brave old *Oak*

Who hath ruled in the green-wood long,
 Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
 And his fifty arms so strong.

There is fear in his frown when the sun goes down
 And the fire in the west fades out,
 And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
 When storms through his branches shout.

H. F. CHORLEY.

64. Thou when the *Rose* has burst her cup,

Opens her heart, and freely throws
 To thee her odors, offerest up

Thanks to the Being who made the rose;
 Traced is his name in delicate lines,

On flower and leaf, as they dress the stem;
 His care is seen, and his wisdom guides,
 Even in the thorn that is guarding them.

MISS GOULD.

65. The broad-helm'd *Oak-tree's* endless growth.

STERLING.

66. *Daisies*, those pearly Arcturi of the earth.

SHELLEY.

67. The Wind, when first he rose and went abroad
 Through the vast region, felt himself at fault,
 Wanting a voice; and suddenly to earth
 Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
 Where, wandering volatile from kind to kind,

He wooed the several trees to give him one.
 First he besought the Ash; the voice she lent
 Fitfully with a free and lashing change,
 Flung here and there its sad uncertainties :
 The Aspen next; a fluttered frivolous twitter
 Was her sole tribute: from the Willow came,
 So long as dainty Summer dress'd her out,
 A whispering sweetness, but her winter note
 Was hissing, dry, and reedy: lastly the *Pine*
 Did he solicit, and from her he drew
 A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,
 That there he rested, welcoming in her
 A mild memorial of the ocean cave
 Where he was born.

TAYLOR—*Edwin the Fair.*

68. You let all flowers live freely, and all die
 Whene'er their genius bids their soul depart,
 Among their kindred, in their native place.
 You never pluck the Rose; the *Violet's* head
 Hath shaken with your breath upon its bank
 And not reproached you; the ever sacred cup
 Of the pure Lily hath between your hands
 Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.

LANDOR.

69. A lofty *Sycamore*,
 Most fearful of the woodland, last to trust
 To the soft wooings of the smiling Spring,
 And first to cast its foliage to the ground,

Before the breath of Winter ;—but when high
The sun rides in his summer majesty,
Proudly the laggard Sycamore puts on
Its garniture of silvery green, and waves
Its crisp leaves to the zephyrs with a sound
Like murmur of far waters.

TIMROD.

FAVORITE BIRD.

THIS DEPARTMENT

Is Respectfully Dedicated to

J. J. AUDUBON,

THE POET NATURALIST.

WHICH IS YOUR FAVORITE BIRD?



HE *Bird of Paradise*! What character,

O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee,

Of all thy feathered progeny
Is so unearthly, and what shape so

fair?

So richly decked in variegated down,
Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,
Tints softly with each other blended,
Hues doubtfully begun and ended,
Or intershooting, and to sight
Lost and recovered as the rays of light
Glance on the conscious plumes touched here and
there?

WORDSWORTH.

2. The *Blackbird* loud in bush,
Whose yellow bill prolongs the strain,
And lectures every grove again
Till evening's gentle hush.

R. H. HORNE.

3. The *purple Finch*
That on wild cherry or red cedar feeds.

A Winter bird, who comes with plaintive whistle
And pecks by the witch-hazel.

LONGFELLOW.

4. There's something in the *Bobolink's* song
Wakes feeling, which has slumbered long,
As leaving earth and man behind,
He beats against the wind,
Or floating slowly down before it,
Above the grass-hid nest he fluttereth,
And the bridal love-song uttereth,
Raining showers of music o'er it.

JAMES LOWELL.

5. Dearer the *Redbreast's* note
That mourns the fading year in every vale,
Than Philomel's, when Spring is ever new.
More dear to thee the Redbreast's sober suit,
So like a withered leaflet, than the glare
Of gaudy wings that make the Iris dim.

GRAHAME.

6. A *Summer bird*,
Heard in the still night with its passionate cadence.

LONGFELLOW.

7. The lone *Whip-poor-will*.
There is much sweetness in his fitful hymn.

J. McLELLAN.

8. The *Cushat's* song,
Its love-song in the fir.

PATMORE—*The Woodman's Daughter*.

9. The *Humbird* stealing to the flower's embrace,
 Loveliest and least of all the feathered race.
 Reclined in silken bells, concealed from view,
 He feasts on perfume, sips the honeyed dew,
 Then spreads the azure wing and azure crest,
 And seems a blossom severed from the rest,—
 And stolen by the breeze, which comes to bear
 Some velvet trophy from a scene so fair.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—*Osric*.

10. The *Eagle*, monarch of the rocks,
 So noble in his lonely flight,
 Mid lightning streams and thunder shocks,
 The bird of freedom, strength, and might.

ELIZA COOK.

11. The *Cormorant*, which on high
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land;
 Loud shrieking *Herns*, and with wild wing
 The circling *Sea-fowl*, cleaving flaky clouds.

THOMSON—*Winter*.

12. A *Parrot* of that favorite kind
 Whose name is Nonpareil.
 Though exiled from Australian bowers,
 And singleness her lot,
 She trills her song with tutored powers
 Or mocks each casual note.

WORDSWORTH.

13. When from hill
And vale soft echoes wake, to catch the trill
Of warbling *Night-bird*.
MRS. DANA.

14. The lone *Nightingale*,
Which answereth with her most soothing song
Out of the ivy bower.
SHELLEY.

15. Gay *Swallows*, who
Around the borders of the spacious lawn
Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er
Hillock and fence, with motion serpentine
Easy and light. One snatches from the ground
A downy feather, and then upward springs,
Followed by others, but oft drops it soon,
In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,
When all at once dart at the falling prize.
WILCOX.

16. In mid air, the sportive *Night-hawk*, seen
Flying awhile at random, uttering oft
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake
Of level pinions, dark, but when upturned,
Against the brightness of the western sky,
One white plume showing in the midst of each,
Then far down diving with loud hollow sound.
WILCOX.

17. A *Thrush*, with gladness musical.
E. B. BARRETT—*The Deserted Garden*.

18. The earnest *Cuckoo*,
 Judging wisest to rejoice,
 Shaking round "Cuckoo, cuckoo,"
 As if careless of his voice.
 PATMORE—*Sir Hubert*.
19. The *Nightingale's* the sweetest song
 That ever rose hath heard.
 MITFORD.
20. Small *Finches*, singing sweet,
 When the sun strikes through the bushes
 To their crimson clinging feet,
 And their pretty eyes look sideways, to the Summer
 heavens complete.
 E. B. BARRETT—*The Lost Bower*.
21. When the *Lark* sings the white clouds among,
 The lily looks up to the heavenly bird.
 MITFORD.
22. The sound,
 Long time unheard, of cheerful *Martins* near
 Your window, round their dwelling chirping quick.
 WILCOX.
23. The *Turtle Dove* that seems to mourn, but whose
 Low tone is whispered tenderness.
 C. GILMAN—*Crow-minder of the South*.
24. When bright is the sky and the breezes are blowing,
 When earth in the sunshine is joyous and gay,

See, from his nest how the *Meadow Lark* rises ;
Hark, as triumphant he carols the lay !

MARIA JAMES.

25. That thou wert once a woman we believe,
Or such rare music never had been thine,
O *Nightingale* ! thou hadst much cause to grieve,
And vowed a vow at melody's sweet shrine,
Before the echoing altar, that all night
Harmonious, thou wouldst watch and warble back the
light.

THOMAS MILLER.

26. Yes, it is he ! the hermit bird, that apart from all
his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western
wind ;
Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! he sings again, his notes are void
of art,
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts
of the heart.

MOTHERWELL.

27. The *Blue Jay*, the "feathered harlequin,"
Trimming his crest, piping his mimic song.
C. GILMAN—*Crow-minder of the South*.

28. A merry welcome to thee, *Humming Bird* !
Lover of Summer flowers, and sunny things !
I hear
The music of thy rainbow-colored wings,

Wings that flash sparkles out whene'er they quiver,
Like sudden sunlight rushing o'er a river.

Poems by Amelia.

29.

The Owl,

That warder-like on yon gray tower,
Feedeth his melancholy soul

With visions of departed power;
And o'er the ruins time hath sped
Nods sadly with his spectral head.

MOTHERWELL.

30. *The Woodpecker*, who, busy Epicure,
Bores with his beak the insect's barky home,
Affrights them with his feigned but startling cry,
Then coolly riots with his darting tongue,
And taps at intervals the hollow tree.

C. GILMAN—*Crow-minder of the South.*

31.

The Hawk in mid-air high,

On his broad pinion sailing round and round,
With not a flutter, or but now and then,
As if his trembling balance to regain,
Uttering a single scream, but faintly heard,
And all again is still.

WILCOX.

32. A *Nightingale*, that perhaps waking
At the stillness, shoots a throng
Of notes into the sunshine;
First with care, then swift and strong;

Then he madly strikes them round him,
 Till the bright air throbs with song,
 And suddenly grows silent
 All amid his ecstasies.

PATMORE—*Sir Hubert.*

33. A blackening train
 Of clamorous *Rooks*, urging their weary flight,
 Seeking the closing shelter of the grove.

THOMSON—*Winter.*

34. The pert, familiar *Robin*, as he flies
 From spray to spray, showering diamonds round,
 Moving in rainbow light where'er he goes.

MRS. FOLLEN.

35. The *Mocking Bird*,
 Warbling orchestral tones ambitiously
 At midnight hour.

C. GILMAN—*Crow-minder of the South.*

36. In russet coat
 Most homely, like true genius bursting forth
 In spite of adverse fortune, a full choir
 Within himself, the merry *Mock-bird*, still
 Filling the air with melody—while at times
 In the rapt fervor of his sweetest song,
 His quivering form will spring into the sky
 In spiral circles, as if he would catch
 New powers from kindred warblers in the clouds.

TIMROD.

37. The flippant *Blackbird*, which with yellow crown
Hangs fluttering in the air, and chattering thick,
Till her breath fails ; when breaking off, she drops
On the next tree, and on its highest limb,
Or some tall flag, there gently rocking, sits,
Her strain repeating.

WILCOX.

38. Those under notes
Trilled by the *Redbreast*, when autumnal leaves
Are then upon the boughs.

WORDSWORTH.

39. *Swans* on silver thrones,
Floating down the winding streams,
With impassive eyes turned shoreward
And a chant of undertones—
And the lotos leaning forward
To help them into dreams.

E. B. BARRETT—*A Drama of Exile*.

40. The *Robin* with his eye of jet,
Who pipes from the bare boughs merrily,
To the primrose pale and the violet,
This is the dearest song to thee.

MITFORD—*Rienzi*.

41. From the summit of a craggy mound,
The perching *Eagle*, with his lonely cry,
Or when on sounding wings he shoots athwart the
sky.

BEATTIE—*Minstrel*.

42. The *Ring-dove's* song, which breeze-like comes and goes,

Now here, now there, it seems to wander round.

THOMAS MILLER.

43. The *Whip-poor-will*, her name her only song.

CARLOS WILCOX.

44. The *Robin*, who to garden or green yard,
Close by the door repairs, to build again
Within her wonted tree.

WILCOX.

45. Hark! 'tis the *Thrush*, undaunted, undeprest,
By twilight premature of cloud and rain;
Nor does the roaring wind deaden his strain,
Who carols, thinking of his love and nest,
And seems, as more incited, still more blest.

WORDSWORTH.

46. Thou vocal sprite—thou feathered troubadour!
In pilgrim weeds through many a clime a ranger,
Who comest to doff thy russet suit once more,
And play in foppish trim the masking stranger,
Philosophers may teach thy whereabouts and nature,
But wise as all of us perforce must think 'em,
The school-boy best hath fixed thy nomenclature,
And poets too must call thee, *Bob-o-Linkum*.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

47. *Wisdom's bird*, flapping her drowsy sail.

I. WILLIAMS—*The Baptistery*.

48. The *Cuckoo*, chanting but his two sweet notes,
So musical, so mellow, and so clear.

BOWLES—*Banwell Hill*.

49. When bathed in light,
Chirrup the *Lark*;
Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

MOTHERWELL.

50. The startled *Gull*, upscreaming to the sea.

LEIGH HUNT—*Rimini*.

51. The *Raven*, which
When Summer birds are gone, and no form seen
In the void air, com'st living and strong,
On his broad balanced pennons through the winds.

R. H. DANA.

52. More sweet to thee the note of lonely bird,
That sits and sings to the autumnal eve,
Than all the bowers of Spring, when love doth heave
The stirring ravishment.

I. WILLIAMS—*Thoughts on Past Years*.

53. Hark! now with low and fluttering start
The *Sky-lark* soars above,
And from her full melodious heart
She pours her strain of love;
And now her quivering wing flings back
The golden light that floods her track,
Nor scarcely seems to move,

But floats away on waveless wings,
Then soars aloft, and soaring sings.

Poems by Amelia.

54. From cottage roofs the warbling *Bluebird's* song.

LONGFELLOW.

55. Though seldom seen,
The *Cuckoo*, that in Summer haunts our groves,
Still heard to moan, as if at every breath
Panting aloud.

WILCOX.

56. From the silent heart of a hollow Yew
The *Owl*, sailing forth with a loud halloo,
When his large yellow eyes look bright
With wonder in the wan moonlight.

W. L. BOWLES.

57. *Woodland doves* apart
In the copse's leafy heart,
Solitary not ascetic,
Hidden and yet heard, they seem
Joining in a lovely psalm,
Man's despondence, nature's calm,
Half mystical, and half pathetic,
Like a sighing in a dream.

E. B. BARRETT—*Sounds*.

58. The melancholy *Sea-bird* wailing aloft,
Now poised in the mid-air, now with swift sweeps
Descending, and again on balanced wings

Hovering, or whirling dismally about
With short, importunate cry.

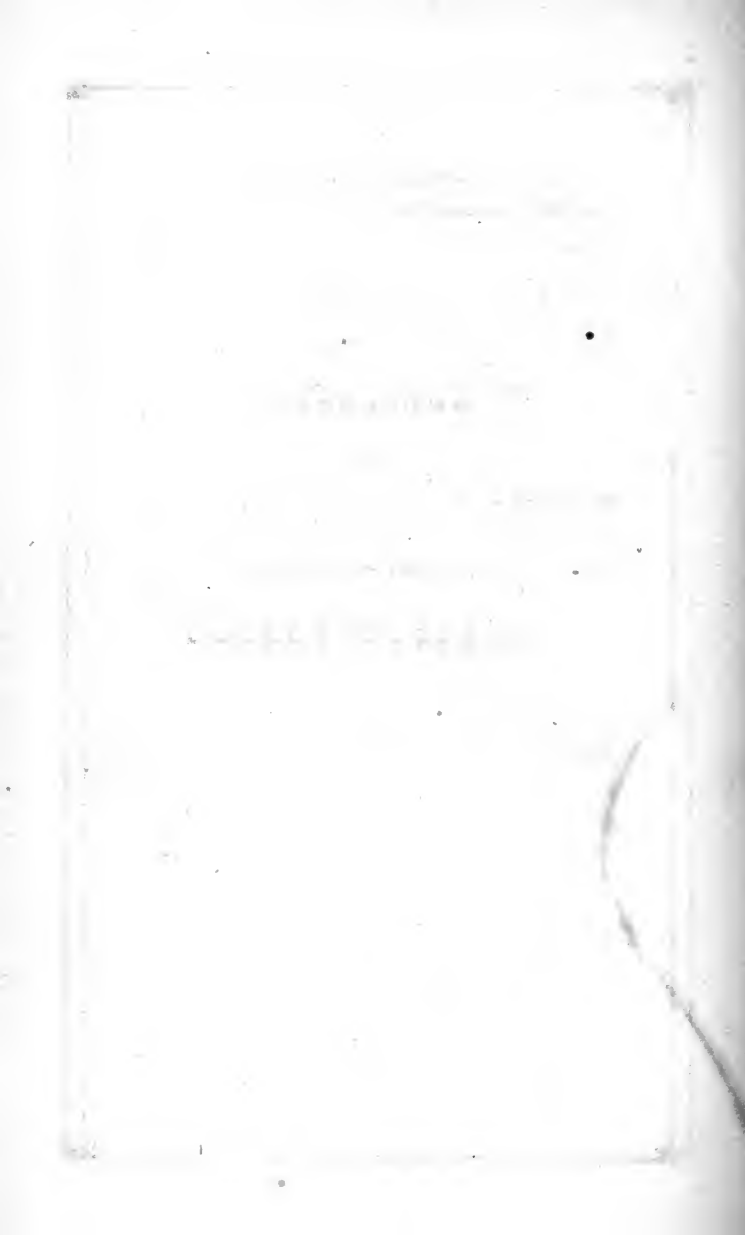
H. ALFORD.

59. Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the *Linnet's* song?
Who would stop the *Swallow*, wheeling
On her pinions swift and strong?

WORDSWORTH.

60. The lonely *Snipe*,
O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air,
Invisible, but with faint, trembling tones,
Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head.

WILCOX.



DEDICATED
TO
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,
THE FIRST TO ELEVATE
AMERICAN POETRY
TO A
CLASSICAL RANK IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.



FAVORITE POET.

Would'st thou look upon the lords of Song?
O'er the dark mirror, that immortal throng
 Shall waft a solemn gleam!
Passing with lighted eyes and radiant brows,
Under the foliage of green laurel boughs,
 But silent as a dream.

HEMANS.

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]



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WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE POET?



HAT need my *Shakspeare* for his honored bones

The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid

Under a star-ypointing pyramid?

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

MILTON.

2. *Dryden!*

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

GRAY—*The Bard.*

3. The Poet blind yet bold!*

The majesty which through his work does reign,

* Milton.

Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
 At once delight and horror on us seize,
 He sings with so much gravity and ease,
 And above human flight does soar aloft
 With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft ;
 The bird named from that Paradise he sings
 So never flags but keeps on soaring wings.

ANDREW MARVEL.

4. The gentle *Spenser*, fancy's pleasing son,
 Who like a copious river, poured his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground.

THOMSON—*Summer*.

5. *Cowper*, whose tones great Milton might approve,
 And Shakspeare from high fancy's sphere
 Tuning to the sound his ear,
 Bend down a look of sympathy and love.

W. L. BOWLES.

6. Visionary *Coleridge*, who
 Doth sweep his thoughts as angels do
 Their wings with cadence up the Blue.

MISS BARRETT.

7. *Pope* as harmony itself exact,
 In verse well disciplined, complete, compact.

COWPER—*Table Talk*.

8. *Wordsworth*, who weaves in mystic rhyme
 Feelings ineffably sublime,
 And sympathies unknown ;

Yet so our yielding breasts doth thrall,
 His genius shall possess us all,
 His thoughts become our own ;
 Till strangely pleased, we start to find
 Such hidden treasures in our mind.

MONTGOMERY.

9. *Burns*, the high chief of Scottish song !
 Who could alternately impart
 Wisdom and rapture in his page,
 And brand each vice with satire strong ;
 Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
 Whose truths electrify the sage.

CAMPBELL.

10. *Byron*, who with untrembling hand,
 Impetuous foot and fiery brand,
 Lit at the flames of hell,
 Goes down to search the human heart,
 Till fiends from every corner start
 Their crimes and plagues to tell !
 Then lightly flings the torch away
 And suns his soul in heaven's pure ray.

MONTGOMERY.

11. *Bryant*, whose songs are thoughts that bless
 The heart, its teachers, and its joy,
 As mothers blend with their caress
 Lessons of truth, and gentleness,
 And virtue for the listening boy.

Spring's lovelier flowers for many a day
 Have blossomed on his wandering way,
 Beings of beauty and decay,
 They slumber in their silent tomb;
 But those that grace his own Green River,
 And wreath the lattice of his home,
 Charmed by his song from mortal doom
 Bloom on and will bloom on forever.

HALLECK.

12. Not only in the sight of field and stream
 Are Poets reared, but in the swarming lanes
 Of cities doth the fiery essence find
 Its growth and nurture. There your bard was born
 Who sang the glorious hymn of Chamouni.*
 And when he wandered forth, and, face to face,
 Stood, with majestic Nature, his large soul
 Took in her presence, as the mountain lake
 Takes the broad summits and the boundless heaven,
 Into its mirror. Then the flowing words
 Came to his lips in verse that shall not die.

BRYANT.

13. *Dan Chaucer*, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
 Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth,
 With sounds that echo still.

TENNYSON.

* Coleridge.

14. Poet of the charmed lay,
 Singing Hope in numbers sweet,*
 Let a lowly minstrel lay
 One poor guerdon at thy feet.
 Thou hast struck a golden lyre,
 Thou hast touched a lofty theme,
 Scarce could happier words inspire
 Music in an angel's dream.
- MRS. ELLIS.
15. Slow to create, fastidious to refine,
 Gray wrought and wrought with labor long and sore,
 Adjusting word by word, and line by line
 Each thought, each phrase remoulding o'er and o'er,
 Till art could polish and adorn no more.
- J. MOULTRIE.
16. Oh, mourn we for that holy Spirit,
 Sweet as the Spring, as ocean deep ;
Hemans, who ere her Summer faded
 Sunk into a breathless sleep.
- WORDSWORTH.
17. Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben†—
 Whose fire-hearts sowed our furrows, when
 The world was worthy of such men.
- MISS BARRETT.
18. The muse of *Keats*,
 One of the inmost dwellers in the core
- * Campbell. † Jonson.

Of the old woods, when Nymphs and Graces lived,
Where they still live to eyes like theirs divine.

LEIGH HUNT.

19. My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
But before I go, *Tom Moore*,
Here's a double health to thee !

BYRON.

20. *Rogers*, whose Laurel-tree shows
Thicker leaves and more sunny the older it grows.

LEIGH HUNT—*Feast of the Poets*.

21. *Scott*, the minstrel who called forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And like the Ariosto of the North
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

BYRON—*Childe Harold*.

22. *Thomson* ! meek Nature's child !
Long, long his stone and painted clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes ;
O vales, and wild-woods, shall he say,
In yonder cave a Druid lies !

COLLINS.

23. *Tennyson's* god-vocal reverie.

MISS BARRETT.

24. *Southey*, who sings of war's alarms,
The pride of battle, din of arms,
The glory and the guilt,—

Of nations barbarously enslaved,
 Of realms by patriot valor saved,
 Of blood insanely spilt,
 And millions sacrificed to fate,
 To make one little mortal great.

MONTGOMERY.

25. *Shelley*—the dreaming boy—the bard inspired ;
 Spirit ethereal—fervid—arrowy—rapt ;
 The seraph in his looks ; his face the storm ;
 His speech the chainless “ utterance of the gods ; ”
 Prometheus on his thunder-blasted rock ;
 A Peri—wandering—lost—’twixt Heaven and Hell !

MRS. ELLET.

26. Praise ! for yet one more name with power endowed,
 To cheer and guide us, onward as we press ;
 Yet one more image on the heart bestowed,
 To dwell there, beautiful in holiness !
 Thine, *Heber*, thine ! whose memory from the dead
 Shines as the star which to the Saviour led.

HEMANS.

27. Unhappy *White* ! while life was in its spring,
 And his young muse just waved her joyous wing,
 The spoiler came, and all his promise fair
 Then sought the grave, to sleep forever there.
 Oh, what a noble heart was here undone,
 When Science’ self destroyed her favorite son !

BYRON.

28. Not forgotten or denied
Scott's trumpet-lay of chivalry and pride!
 Homeric in its rest, and in its strife,
 With every impulse brimming o'er with life,
 Teeming with action and the call to arms;—
 A robust dame his muse, with martial charms
 To strive, when need demands it, or to love;—
 The eagle quite as often as the dove!

W. G. SIMMS.

29. Is there not one who reads the hearts of men,
 And paints them strongly with unrivalled pen?
 All their fierce passions in her scenes appear;
 Terror she bids arise, bids fall the tear;
 Looks in the close recesses of the mind,
 And gives the finished portrait to mankind,
 By skill conducted, and to nature true,—
 Yet none will call *Joanna Baillie* Blue!

CRABBE—*Posthumous Works*.

30. What though for showing truth to flattered state,
Leigh Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he
 In his immortal spirit been as free,
 As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
 Think you he nought but prison gyves did see,
 Till so unwilling, they did turn the key?
 Ah, no: far happier, nobler was his fate;
 In Spenser's halls he strayed, and bowers fair,
 Culling enchanted flowers, and he flew
 With daring Milton, through the fields of air;

To regions of his own his genius true
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair?

KEATS.

31. Poor proud *Byron*—

Forlornly brave,
And quivering with the dart he drave.

MISS BARRETT.

32. *Chatterton*, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.

WORDSWORTH.

33. Where sense with sound and ease with weight combine

In the pure silver of *Pope's* ringing line.

The New Timon.

34. *Collins*, ill-starred name!

Whose lay's requital was, that tardy Fame,
Who bound no laurel round his living head,
Should hang it o'er his monument when dead.

SCOTT—*Bridal of Triermain.*

35. *Burns*, who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain side.

WORDSWORTH.

36. In front of all comes *Addison*. In him
Humor in holiday and sightly trim,
Sublimity and attic taste combined
To polish, furnish, and delight mankind.

COWPER—*Table Talk.*

37. *Johnson*, in ancient learning fitly trained,
 His rigid judgment fancy's flight restrained ;
 Correctly pruned each wild luxuriant thought,
 Marked out her course nor spared a glorious fault.
 The book of man he read with nicest art,
 And ransacked all the secrets of the heart ;
 The coxcomb felt a lash at every word,
 And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
 His comic humor kept the world in awe,
 And laughter frightened Folly more than law.

CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad*.

38. He spoke of *Burns* ; men rude and rough
 Pressed round to hear the praise of one
 Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
 As homespun as their own.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

39. *Thomson's* chaste muse employed her heaven-taught
 lyre,
 None but the noblest passions to inspire ;
 Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
 One line which, dying, he would wish to blot.

LYTTLETON—*Prologue to Coriolanus*.

40. *Elliott*, strong poet of the wedlock wild
 Of flame and iron ; sturdy, rugged, bold,
 Portentous "Titan of the age of tools!"

MRS. ELLET.

41.

Coleridge,

The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature !

WORDSWORTH.

42.

Shakspeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech, and short for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our road with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse.

LANDOR.

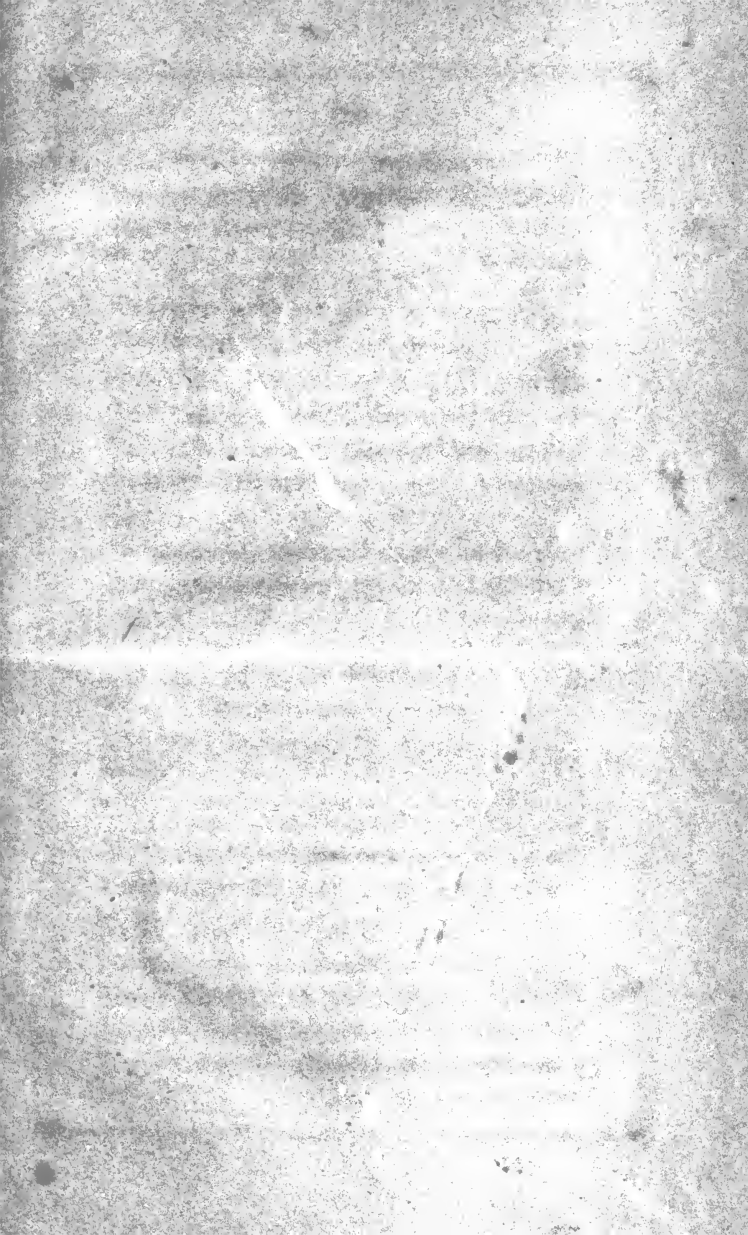
43.

He whose soul, like angel-harps combining,
Anthem'd the solemn "Voices of the Night!"*

T. B. READ—*The Bards.*

* Longfellow.

THE END.



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